

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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*Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street.*

MISS ELLEN TERRY AS GUINEVERE IN "KING ARTHUR," AT THE LYCEUM.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If the Emperor of Russia has disappointed Liberal politicians by his late declaration, he has done something since of a very conciliatory character towards a class who, if not politicians, are almost invariably liberal in their ideas. He has granted a sum of £50,000 to be paid out of the Exchequer for the formation of a special fund to relieve persons engaged in literature or journalism in distress, and to provide permanently for their widows and orphans at death. This is a feather in the Czar's cap indeed, and will make autocracy popular in quarters which have hitherto been vehemently opposed to it. For, regrettable as it may be, "the personal equation" is one that comes home to the human breast with greater force than any abstract principle. It is not gratitude for the gift that will be felt, but a sense of the kindness and sympathy of the giver. One is unwilling to think of it as a mere stroke of business, or if it be so, it is one that contrasts very favourably with what a Government which prides itself upon its business capacities has done in the same direction nearer home. Our wretched £1200 a year in aid of literature, science, and art (ignoring journalism altogether) looks very paltry by the side of this imperial gift.

The tragic termination of the late duel in France will take away for some time the impression that has become pretty general that French duels are got-up affairs, to satisfy not so much honour as the desire for notoriety. "The man is dead" is a reply sufficient, at all events, in his case, though it is curious that he himself once described these encounters between his countrymen as "without reason and without danger." In America they have in general a fatal issue, though they are sometimes fanciful in the proceedings that lead to it. Now and then, when parties are very much in earnest, and at the same time are not bent upon both leaving their bodies on the field, the following plan is adopted. The two duellists, with one second, meet within doors, and draw lots for who shall shoot himself. On a recent occasion A and B having had a "difficulty," A was the unlucky man, and retired for the purpose of self-destruction into the next apartment. B and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard; they shuddered with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man triumphantly exclaiming, "Missed!"

In England we have no need to be told of the failure of the duel as a means of satisfying honour and of making impertinent gentlemen keep civil tongues in their heads. Captain Ross (in "Sportiscrapiana") has exploded the duello. He was the best pistol-shot in England, lived among the fighting men, and spoke his mind; but though he was second in no less than twelve affairs of honour (most of which he brought off without bloodshed) he was never challenged. The duellists knew better. It was their custom, he says, to trail their coats like Irishmen at Donnybrook Fair, and compel, as it were, quiet gentlemanly men to tread on them. The odds were always in their favour, and they knew it. They were the recognised bullies of society, and when they entered a drawing-room there was a shudder. So far from the practice of duelling preventing discourtesy, they cast insults all about them, and rendered social life intolerable. The book in which Captain Ross's experiences are recorded has become very rare, but is extremely interesting.

What a hold this senseless custom had upon society is illustrated by an account Horace Walpole gives of a speech of the Archbishop of York. "Though as a Christian and a Bishop," said his Grace, "I ought to bear wrongs, there are injuries that would provoke any patience, and that if insulted I should know how to resent." When one considers what a splendid mark for a bullet an Archbishop in costume would make, this episcopal declaration shows a good deal of courage. A challenge, however, was now and then declined. Hutchinson, Provost of Dublin, wanted to shoot Tisdale, the Irish Attorney-General, who refused to give him the opportunity, partly because he was seventy-three, but chiefly because they were not on an equality as regarded the pleasure to be derived from the contest. "If I should kill Hutchinson," he said, "I should get nothing but the pleasure of killing him; whereas if he kills me he will get my place of Secretary of State, of which he has the reversion."

The palmiest time, if frequency is palmiest, of the duello was in 1815, during the occupation of Paris by the Allies. The French, having been beaten in battle, strove to kill as many of our officers as they could in single combat, and insulted them on all occasions. Fortunately, their fire-eaters—Bonapartists, of course—had another channel for their ire in the Bourbonists of the Garde du Corps, who were not slow to give them every opportunity of vengeance. One of these gentlemen killed nine of his opponents in one year. The taste for blood seems to have increased with its indulgence. The Marquis de H—, in this same corps, is described as having been a peaceful fellow in his youth, but from the day of his first duel to have changed his nature; at last he became little better than a wild beast. One evening, after dinner at a café, he exclaimed, "J'ai

envie de tuer quelqu'un," and rushed out into the streets to pick a quarrel. He could find no one less insignificant than a young pupil of the Polytechnic, aged nineteen, whom he compelled to draw upon him, and then ran him through the body. For this, we are told, "he was much blamed," but in nowise punished, and "lived to be a quiet and peacemaking old gentleman." The French were skilful with the small-sword; the English (always the challenged), therefore chose the pistol. The usual custom was for the seconds to toss up for who should have the first shot: it is in connection with this custom that the terrible story is told of the duellist walking up to his boyish antagonist (who had fired and missed), and, with the words "Je plains ta mère," shooting him dead. Readers of fiction will remember how this atrocity was avenged. In the most curious of these "occupation" duels, an Englishman for once was the challenger; he took it for granted that pistols would be the weapons employed. The Frenchman, however, chose the small-sword, with which the Englishman, who had never had one in his hand, flatly refused to fight. At last it was agreed that they should fight on horseback with lances. The duel took place at Beauvais, and a crowd assembled to see it. B. (the Englishman) received three wounds, but "by a lucky prod" (says the narrator) eventually killed his man.

The queerest duel, as regards its "free and easy" character, was that between Jeffrey and Moore. The little poet had called out the little critic for describing his works as immoral. Perhaps he repented of it afterwards, for his behaviour "on the ground" was extremely conciliatory. While the seconds had retired to load the pistols, the two principals entered into conversation. "What a beautiful morning it is!" observed Jeffrey. "Yes," replied Moore, "a morning made for better purposes." And then, we are told, they both sighed. As the seconds, who knew as little of the business in hand as they did, were a long time in loading, the combatants, who were walking up and down together, came in sight of them, which caused Moore to tell an amusing story apropos to the subject: "Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, had sauntered on a similar occasion too near the seconds, and his adversary called out to him, with irritation, to keep his ground. 'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' he said, 'sure isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being at the mixing of it?'" Jeffrey had scarcely done laughing at this story when the duel was put a stop to by the intervention of the police. The whole affair sounds rather like a "put-up job," and it is no wonder that the principals were angry when they read Lord Byron's contemptuous account of it, and of the "leadless pistol."

Would you rather have seven years' penal servitude as an innocent or as a guilty man? The moralist may hold up his hands at this question, being all for innocence and a quiet conscience; but it is not often (though it does sometimes happen) that the moralist has any personal experience of what penal servitude means. Other things being equal, of course, we would rather be innocent than guilty; still, in the latter case, we should at all events know that we had deserved our lot, and that there had been no miscarriage of justice. Every year that went by would be so much expiation of an offence, and would shorten the time at which, with the possible exception of a little "police supervision," we might start fair again. But if we are innocent we have not these consolations. Every year of punishment (for nothing) is an added wrong. For my own part, I believe my exasperation would be so excessive that I should hardly know wrong from right. "Cuss the judge and cuss the jury!" would be my aspiration; "Cuss, oh cuss, the whole concern!" To work one's time out under such circumstances would indeed be horrible—enough to undermine all but the most solid foundations of morality and religion—but the climax would be the reception (when one's unjust sentence was almost expired), of her Majesty's most gracious pardon for the offence one had never committed. Our sense of humour would probably by that time have been so long in abeyance as to prevent our seeing that gigantic joke.

An individual sent to prison by the perjury of a fellow-creature has just been released after three years of penal servitude. It would be interesting to get his reflections during that period of intolerable wrong. His moods most likely varied as the years drew their slow length along, like those of the Jin in the Arabian story of the fisherman. He was doubtful whether he would come out of his bottle (or "stone jug") a saint resigned, or a sceptic bent upon repaying mankind for their cruelty and injustice to him. However, now that he is out, the question is, what amends shall be made to him? The law makes absolutely no acknowledgment of its own error, cannot see what the man can want beyond the Queen's pardon graciously conferred. Like Mr. Bounderby, it inquires satirically whether he expects to be made a Knight of the Garter. In my opinion, the treating the man in this cavalier fashion is but little worse, in the way of injustice, than his original punishment. We have so many taxes in this country that one more, the proceeds of which should go to compensate persons who have been thus unjustly punished, would make but little difference, and be much more cheerfully paid than most of them. I understand that the objection to the carrying out of what

seems one of the first principles of justice is that it is feared innocent persons will get themselves unjustly accused with the very object of obtaining compensation. This is a sort of argument one would expect to find in the mouth of one of the friends of "Alice in Wonderland."

For some reason or other Margate has always been the target of the Londoner's ridicule. It was, before the railway days, the most easy of access of all our seaside resorts, and consequently the most popular; it had then, as now, the finest air in England, but it was not considered fashionable. On the contrary, it was the fashion to make fun of it. There have been great improvements in the place of late years; but, like one who has gained the reputation of being a funny man, Margate finds it difficult to get itself treated seriously. In one of the London theatres this mirth-begetting town, after being left at peace for years, is now providing entertainment for large audiences. It is curious how the place has always been considered fair game by the dramatist and the literary person, and, what is stranger still, by the journalist. Conceive such a paragraph as the following (culled from the *Times*, Aug. 1799) in the *Times* of to-day: "Margate is already beginning to be crowded, as usual, with all sorts and for all purposes, some to undo and some to be undone; wives to leave their husbands, and misses to procure theirs." Was there ever a more gratuitous attack upon an unoffending town! Margate does not seem to have minded, though nowadays watering-places are so sensitive that the least reference to them of an unfavourable nature is at once indignantly replied to by the mayor or the local doctor. Brighton had nothing to boast about in the way of morals at that time, yet Brighton gets off with comparative ease; though what is said by the London Press of Brighton would certainly now provoke an action for libel.

In the summer months it appears that the special correspondents of those days were sent down to our seaside resorts to make fun of them, and with orders, as it would seem, not to make it too good-natured. The gentleman who supplies "copy" about Ramsgate is by no means genial. He talks of Mrs. Deputy Plumb and her insufficiently clothed daughters, and "Mrs. Pop from White-chapel, who comes down in her own job-coach." There are also "ancient enamoratus [*sic*] who will not yield to Old Q in gallantry," and "learned ladies who have come down after the great fatigues of novel-writing in the winter," for the salt water; and "Oh! would," is the last aspiration of the genial journalist, "that it could wash away the mind of vulgarity and affectation from the Pops and the Plumbs as easily as it does the rouge from their faces!" This is, however, mere rosewater to what is written about Margate. What seems strange enough to the modern reader, not a word is said about nigger minstrels, but they were at that time an unknown infliction. Still, no ridicule, however ill-natured, could injure the popularity of the Kentish watering-places. "The Margate packet" (says the *Times*) "had the week before last one hundred and fifty-two passengers on board, who were twenty-seven hours on their passage; during the greater part of the time it rained so as to drive them under deck, and made them as comfortable as the people in the Black Hole at Calcutta."

It is curious that among the number of minor poets whom it has been the fashion of late to extol with such extravagant appreciation no mention has been made of Dr. W. C. Bennett. However, he was an old man and had made his reputation, such as it was, before most of our present bardings were born. What he plumed himself upon was his songs for soldiers and sailors and his national ballads, but where his strength really lay was in depicting childhood. All his poems relating to children are very tender and touching, and had something allied to genius in them which did not escape the attention of even so fastidious a critic as Mr. Ruskin. If I remember right, "Baby May" was one of the poems that won his praise—

Checks as soft as July peaches;  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness; round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise.

Silences—small meditations  
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations;  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches;

Loveliness beyond completeness;  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;  
Beauty all that beauty may be;  
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

He was partner with his brother, Sir John Bennett, the watchmaker, but his mind was much more tuned to literature than to commerce. Indeed he preferred—in his relations with his literary acquaintances at all events—to ignore the latter. A very humorous story is told of him in connection with a well-known weekly paper to which he was a frequent contributor of verse. On one occasion he sent a poem called "The Sentinel," beginning with "I stand upon my watch." The editor, who had some humour, could not resist commenting upon this tempting line: "My dear Bennett. Thanks for your poem, it is capital; but why should you stand upon your watch? If I were you I should stand upon somebody else's watch, and get him to send it to my establishment to be repaired." No more contributions came from the poet to that editor.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL.

The game which was played at Richmond on March 9, under Rugby Union rules, between Scotland and England, ended in a victory for the former team. England still holds, however, a slight advantage in the record of twenty-two matches, of which seven are credited to Scotland, eight to England, and seven have been drawn. There were about twenty thousand spectators to watch the game, which was full of interest from beginning to end. The Scotch forwards proved once more that "union is strength," being well supported by the brilliant play of W. P. Donaldson at half. Byrne scored a goal from a penalty, and soon afterwards G. T. Neilson placed a penalty goal from a full forty yards' mark close to the touch line. Eventually Scotland gained the conquest by a goal from a penalty kick and a try to a goal from a penalty kick—six points to three. Mr. W. Wilkins, of the Welsh Union, officiated as referee. On the same day, at Derby, there was a trial of strength, under Association rules, between England and Ireland. The advantage was entirely on the side of the English team, which scored nine goals as against none gained by the Irishmen. The play of John Goodall, centre, was particularly fine.

## MISS ELLEN TERRY AS GUINEVERE.

Amid the chances and changes of popular taste and the endless controversies about the modern tendencies of the drama, two personalities on our stage remain where they stood nearly twenty years ago. Throughout his career as manager of the Lyceum Mr. Irving has had the co-operation of a great artist who was born to personify the romantic tradition. It is fitting that the years which have passed over Ellen Terry's head should touch but lightly an actress who to a whole generation has embodied all that is tender and pathetic and gracious in the illusions of youth. Her reign began with Portia, long before the Portia of the Lyceum, for her first impersonation of the lady of Belmont was the one bright feature of Mr. Bancroft's luckless production of "The Merchant of Venice" at the old Prince of Wales's. Then we wept over Olivia at the Court; for was it not said that three handkerchiefs were needed for a visit to the theatre to see Miss Terry as the heroine of W. G. Wills's charming play? Then began the long reign at the Lyceum, a reign which shows no sign of diminished lustre, and which has given us Portia, Beatrice, Ophelia, Juliet, Margaret, Rosamund, and Guinevere. In Mr. Comyns Carr's drama Miss Terry weaves the old spell, which makes Guinevere's sin human and yet ideal, legendary yet lifelike, passionate in love, ethereal in remorse. It is of the earth, and yet it belongs to the sovereign elements which spiritualise the passion of

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The Japanese army under General Nodzu in Manchuria, on March 4, captured by a fierce bombardment and assault the old town of Niuchuang, with desperate fighting of the Chinese garrison in the narrow streets and in the

Our Illustrations published this week refer to the naval and military operations of the Japanese on the southern shore of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, the landing of the army on the Shang Tung promontory, and its advance westward along the coast to attack Wei-hai-Wei, of which move-



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL-MATCH AT RICHMOND ON MARCH 9: THE ENGLISH TEAM.

houses, nearly two thousand of them being killed. On the same day the Chinese General Sung was defeated in an attack upon the Japanese positions beyond Kai-ping. He retreated to Ying-kow, the port of Niuchuang, and there he made a stand against the Japanese force which pursued him, but was soon driven out, retiring westward to Tien-tso-Tai. On March 9 three Japanese divisions, with powerful artillery, assailed that town, which was defended by ten thousand Chinese. This garrison was speedily crushed; about two thousand again were slain. All the forts on the Liao-Yang River are in the possession of the Japanese, while another division of their army is rapidly approaching

ments, and the result of the conflict for that important Chinese seaport, we have already given some account from week to week. Chefoo, a treaty port where many Europeans reside, has not been attacked. The more recent actions, in Manchuria, to the north of the gulf, where the larger river, Liao-Yang, descends from Mukden to its issue on the seacoast near Niuchuang, have brought the victorious Japanese forces along the road towards Peking, on that side as well as on the southern shore; while it is quite possible that a fresh landing may speedily be effected near the mouth of the Peiho River, within a hundred miles of the Chinese capital. Many families of the chief courtiers, officials, and citizens of Peking have quitted that city, and have gone to seek refuge in the southern provinces of China.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Church Times* is furious at Mr. Carvell Williams's Burial Bill. It declares that it will have to be resisted by strenuous effort on the part of Churchmen in and out of Parliament. "For it is the undisputed object of the Liberationists by degrees to appropriate everything belonging to the Church and to take from Churchmen everything that at present they can call their own, as every Dissenting sect is permitted to keep what exclusively belongs to itself. The disgraceful fact that the second reading was carried by a majority of 111 in a half-empty House only shows that the Church cannot put her trust in political party."

The Rev. Mayow Wynell-Mayow, who died lately at Southampton, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, was a personal friend and contemporary of Keble, Pusey, and Newman, and was to the end of his life a steadfast Gladstonian in politics.

One of the most self-denying and zealous clergy in London in the late cold season sent some coals to a poor large family. A little later in the day a lady happened to drop in unexpectedly, and found them cooking their dinner. And what was that? They were boiling water and drinking it, and that was all they had!

Canon Gore's Monday afternoon lectures at Westminster Abbey are being attended by immense congregations. Mr. Gore's addresses are largely extempore, but what they lose in polish they seem to gain in conciseness and force. Speaking on the work of the clergy, Canon Gore said that visiting was the great opportunity for observing men. Its object was rather to listen to people and bring out their best thoughts than formally to instruct them. Canon Gore insisted on the fact that the ministry of the Word would always hold a place of as high dignity as the ministry of the Sacraments.

A Church paper is printing a correspondence on "Why Working Men Don't Come to Church." One correspondent says that it is because they are practically Agnostics. Another says that they are pampered. "By both the great parties of the State (and all the little ones) they are flattered and coaxed." Another says, "Working men absent themselves from Church in most cases because the clergyman ignores them outside the sanctuary."

Dean Hole has returned from his American tour. He received a cordial welcome on his arrival at Rochester, and spoke of the kindness which had been extended to him on every side during his tour. He said he should always retain pleasant memories of his visit.

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Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL-MATCH AT RICHMOND ON MARCH 9: THE SCOTCH TEAM.

Guinevere and Lancelot into haunting music. What is more delightful than the thrill of girlish happiness in the wood, when the Queen finds her whole world on Lancelot's breast, careless of the ring of hate that is closing round them! What is more moving than her abasement in the hour of Arthur's death! It is at such moments that we feel the romantic tradition to be supreme, though its authority is threatened by insurgents who clamour for Ibsen.

Mukden. General Nodzu has been created a Marshal. Li-Hung-Chang, with the Chinese suit for terms of peace, is expected on March 19 at Hiroshima, in Japan. He is to meet the Mikado or Emperor of Japan at Simonosaki, on the Inland Sea or Straits between the larger Japanese islands. But it is considered very doubtful whether Japan will consent to a truce, now that her forces are, by several different routes, approaching Peking.

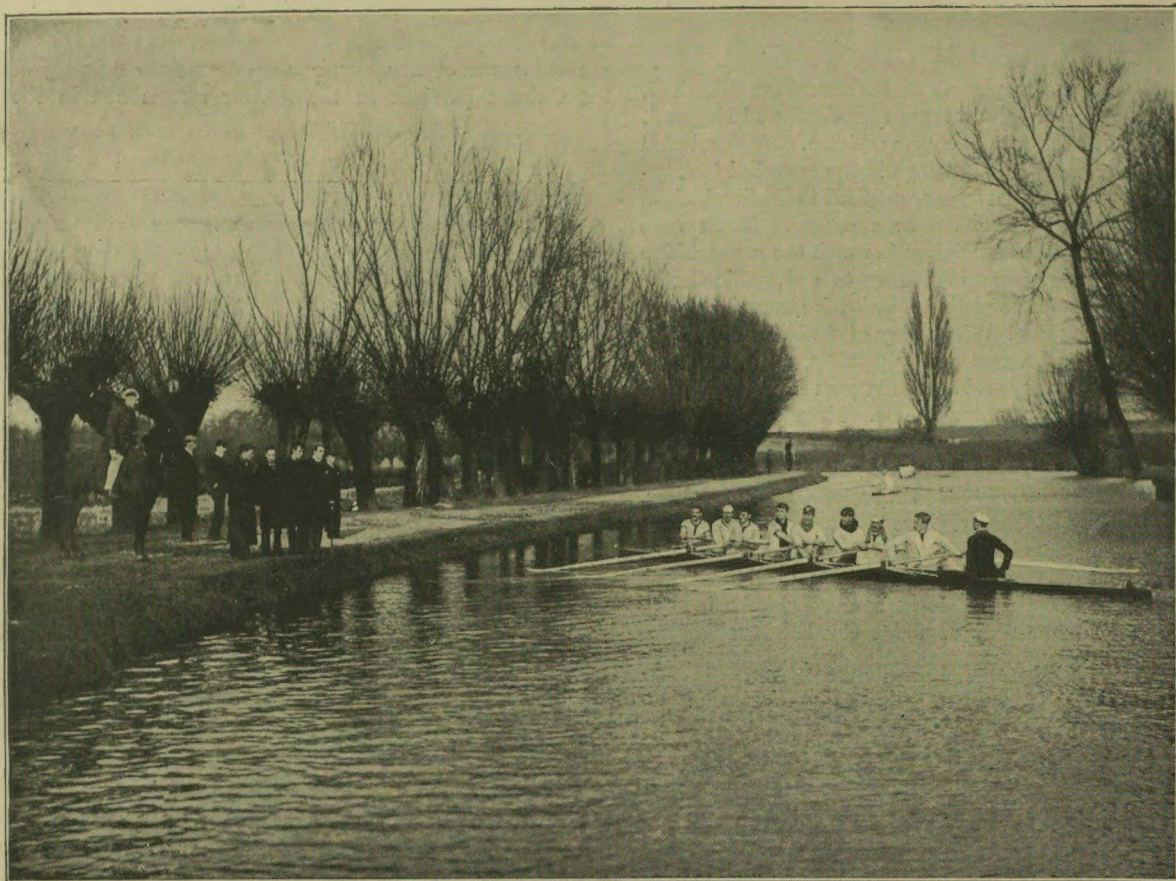


## THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

Of perennial interest is the aquatic contest between Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames. The daily doings of the crews are followed by schoolboy and senator alike with a care and anxiety which the lessons of the one and the debates of the other fail to excite. Judges on the Bench consult the sporting columns as regularly as the Cause List, and one of their Lordships—Mr. Justice Chitty—looks back on many boat-races of the past at which he officiated as judge, holding his court on the Thames instead of in the Strand. On the Continent, in India, and in our Colonies the same earnest consideration is given to the rival claims of Light Blue versus Dark Blue, and the result is soon made the common property of the civilised world. The German Emperor, it will be remembered, is as keenly interested in the boat-race as in surprising a barrack, and has more than once cabled his congratulations to the victors. All this goes to show that the prowess of young athletes is of national importance just as it was in the far-off days of the Olympic Games.

This year the cold weather has created a serious difficulty in the practice of the Blues, but fortunately milder weather has lately prevailed, and allowed the usual work to be accomplished on the river. On March 11 the Oxford crew made its first appearance at Putney, in very pleasant sunshine and with the water quite smooth, a slight southerly wind blowing at the time. Mr. D. H. M'Lean coached the men from the bank. A good, though not a striking, impression was created by the style of their rowing. The Cambridge crew was coached by Mr. S. D. Muttelbury; they went as far as Mortlake, showing undoubted improvement.

Six of the Oxonians were members of the winning crew last year. The reserve man is Mr. C. W. N. Graham, of Trinity, who stroked the winning trial eight last December. The new boat has been built by Mr. F. Rough, and goes well. The names of the Oxford crew are as follows: Mr. H. B. Cotton (Magdalen), bow; Mr. M. C. Pilkington (Magdalen), Mr. C. K. Philips (New College), Mr. T. H. Stretch (New College), Mr. W. B. Stewart (Brasenose), Mr. C. D. Burnell (Magdalen), Mr. W. E. Crum (New College); Mr. C. M. Pitman (New College), stroke, and



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PRACTICE: A WORD OF ADVICE FROM THE COACH.

Mr. C. S. Serocold (New College), coxswain. The Cambridge crew have two reserve men—Messrs. J. R. B. Brunson and F. J. Beale. The following is a list of the crew which, it is expected, will row in the race: Mr. T. B. Hope (Trinity Hall), bow; Mr. F. C. Stewart (Trinity

Hall), Mr. H. A. Game (First Trinity), Mr. W. S. Adie (First Trinity), Mr. T. J. G. Duncanson (Emmanuel), Mr. R. Y. Bonsey (Lady Margaret), Mr. A. S. Bell (Trinity Hall); Mr. D. A. Wauchope (Trinity Hall), stroke, and Mr. F. C. Begg (Trinity Hall), coxswain.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PRACTICE: PUTTING IN THE BOAT.

From Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.

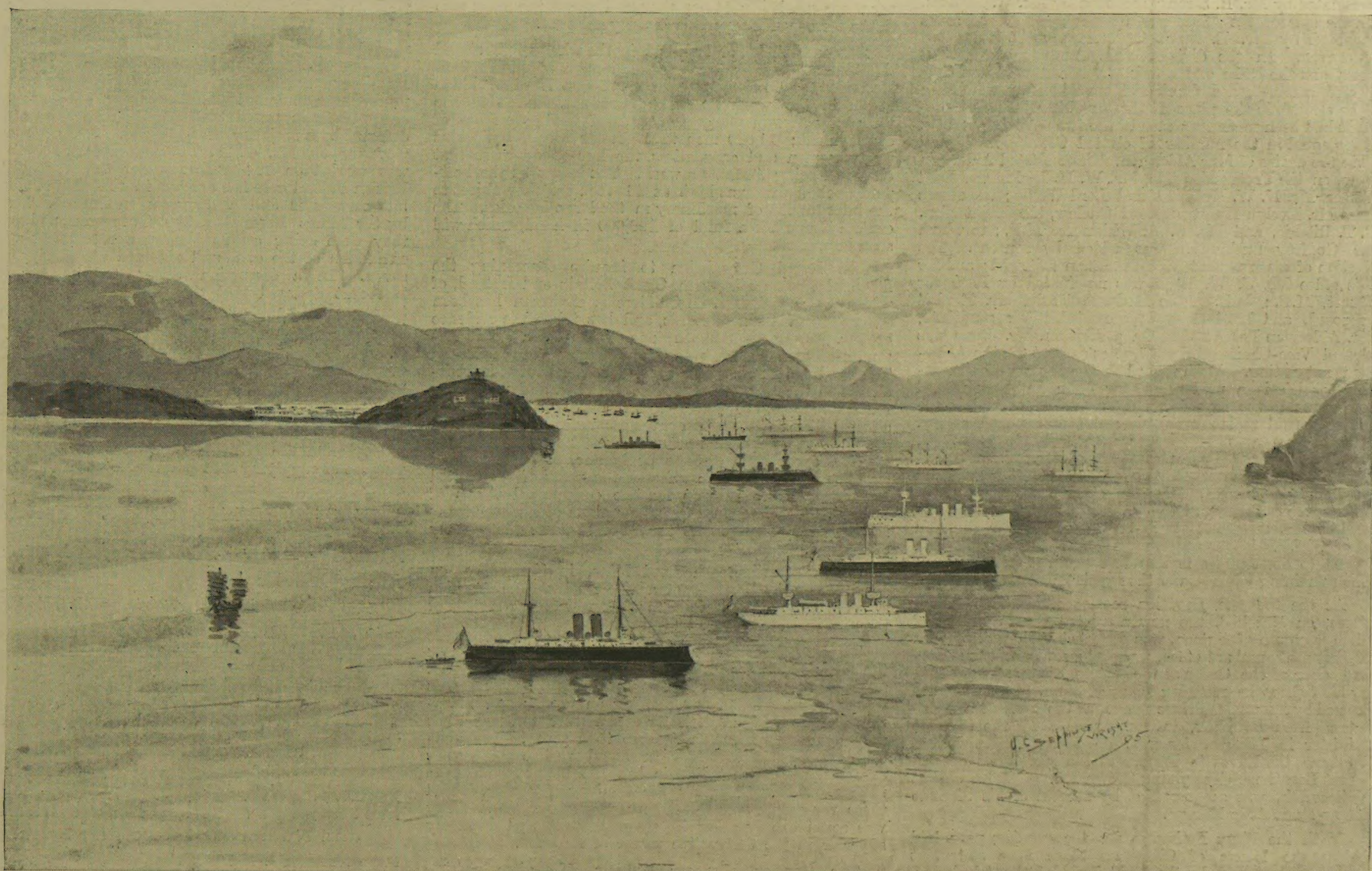


THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.



A SCENE ON THE ROAD TO WEI-HAI-WEI: RESTING THE HORSES.

Sketch by Mr. W. G. Littlejohns H.M.S. "Centurion."



H.M.S. Æolus. Isly (French). Baltimore (U.S.A.) Beutemps-Beaupré (French).  
H.M.S. Gibraltar. H.M.S. Undaunted. H.M.S. Edgar.

BEFORE THE ATTACK ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

Sketch by Mr. F. J. Roskrige, R.N.

In consequence of the expected attack on Wei-hai-Wei by the Japanese, a number of war-ships of various nationalities gathered at Chefoo to protect the foreign residents in that port. Marines landed from each ship, and patrolled the town by night and day.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, with her eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany, was visited on Thursday, March 7, by the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales, from Sandringham, who stayed with her until Saturday; the Duke and Duchess of York were also with her Majesty; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her husband and her daughter Princess Victoria; and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Princess Louise and the Duchess of Connaught arrived on Sunday. The Queen held a Council on March 8, at which Lord Tweedmouth and the Earl of Kimberley were present, to nominate the list of Sheriffs for the year. The Comtesse de Paris, the new Italian Ambassador, General Ferrero, the United States Ambassador, with Mrs. Bayard, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Lord Carrington, and Lord Ribblesdale visited her Majesty; and General Sir Redvers Buller dined at the Castle on Sunday. On Monday the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, came to Windsor and had an interview with the Queen. Lord Salisbury and the Bishop of Ripon were her visitors next day. Her Majesty's departure from England, to stay a month at Nice, took place on Wednesday morning, March 13, when the Empress Frederick came to London, to stay a few days at Buckingham Palace, before her return to Germany. The Grand Duchess of Hesse, our Queen's granddaughter, has been safely delivered of a daughter.

Before leaving Buckingham Palace on March 6, the Queen received the old favourite actress, Mrs. Keeley, who is in the ninety-first year of her age, and to whom she gave a very kindly greeting. Next day was the funeral of one of her Majesty's old servants, Mr. Fleming, who had belonged to the household of the Duchess of Kent in 1830, and whom the Queen—then Princess Victoria—knew in her childhood. The Queen on March 9 decorated Mr. William Dodd, under-manager of the Diglake Colliery, in North Staffordshire, with the Albert medal, for his courage on Jan. 14 in saving the lives of more than thirty men endangered by the flooding of the mine.

The Duke of York on Monday, March 11, held a Levée at St. James's Palace on behalf of the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Connaught arrived in England on Tuesday, March 12, on his return from Vienna.

At Cannes, on Saturday, March 9, the Prince of Wales's yacht the *Britannia* defeated the *Corsair* and the *Valkyrie* in the first match of cruising from Cannes to Monte Carlo.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on March 8 was present and spoke at a meeting held in the Sheldonian Theatre of Oxford University, Dean Liddell in the chair, to promote the establishment of a Nurses' Home, as a memorial of the services of Sir Henry Acland, M.D., late Regius Professor of Medicine, and founder of the University Museum of Natural Science. The Bishop of Oxford, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the Mayor, and several Professors took part in the proceedings.

The new London County Council held its first meeting on Tuesday, March 12. Mr. Charles Harrison, Vice-Chairman of the late County Council, presided. The first business was to elect a Chairman for the ensuing year. The Progressive party's candidate, Mr. Arthur Arnold, was nominated by Mr. R. Strong, seconded by Mr. R. Roberts. On the side of the Moderates, the Duke of Norfolk was proposed by Mr. E. Boulnois, M.P., seconded by Lord Dunraven. In the division, Mr. Arnold obtained 66 votes, and the Duke of Norfolk 57. Mr. Arnold was thus elected, and returned thanks. Nine Aldermen were then to be elected, in the place of those retiring. An arrangement had been made that each of the two opposing parties, being equal in the number of elected Councillors, should have the choice of four Aldermen. Those elected Aldermen were, on the Progressive side, Mr. W. H. Dickinson, Lord Farrer, Mr. N. W. Hubbard, and Lord Welby; the others were Mr. Evelyn Hubbard, Lord Onslow, the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, and Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M.P.; to whom Sir Godfrey Lushington was added by consent. The election of a permanent Vice-Chairman followed; and for this office Mr. J. W. Benn was nominated by Professor Stuart, M.P.; but, on the Moderates' side, Mr. Fardell proposed, and Lord Cadogan seconded, their candidate, Mr. Alderman Beachcroft. On a division, Mr. Benn was elected Vice-Chairman by 65 votes against 63, the Aldermen not voting. With regard to the Deputy-Chairmanship, which is a paid office, Sir John Lubbock moved to suspend the appointment until a special committee should report concerning the duties and salary. This motion was rejected by 68 against 64 votes, upon which Lord Farrer moved, and Mr. W. C. Steadman seconded, the re-election of Mr. W. H. Dickinson as Deputy-Chairman. On the other side, Mr. H. R. Harris, the candidate of the Moderate party, was nominated by Mr. Cohen, M.P., and seconded by Sir Blundell Maple, M.P. The voting was in favour of Mr. Dickinson by 68 to 60, and he is therefore again Vice-Chairman. The remaining business was the appointment of committees.

At the Siamese Legation residence, in Ashburnham Place, on March 8, the newly created Crown Prince of Siam, a youth of sixteen, was invested with the insignia of that rank, seals of office, jewelled swords, and the chain and collar of the Order of the White Elephant, sent him by his father, the reigning King of Siam. This was performed by his uncle, Prince Svasti, at the head of a deputation from Bangkok, in the presence of the Siamese Minister in London, Marquis de Maha Yotha, Prince Vadhana, the Envoy to Paris, and the secretaries of different Legations. The young Crown Prince, Chofa Maha Vajiravudh, was accompanied by several of his Siamese fellow-students in Europe.

With the Navy Estimates for the ensuing year, laid before the House of Commons, there is a statement furnished, as usual, by the First Lord of the Admiralty. The total asked for is £18,701,000, which is £1,334,900 more than last year, and £4,460,000 more than the year before that. The number of officers, seamen, boys, Coast-guard, and Royal Marines is now 83,400. Five new second-class cruisers and four torpedo gun-boats will be completed this year, terminating the programme of the

Naval Defence Act of 1889. There are seven new first-class battle-ships now building, five in the Government dockyards and two by contract. It is expected that the *Renown* at Pembroke, the *Prince George* at Portsmouth, and the *Victorious* at Chatham, first-class battle-ships, will be launched this year; also the cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible* at Barrow and on the Clyde. The rapid completion, at Portsmouth and Chatham, of the *Majestic* and the *Magnificent* is highly commended. It is proposed to commence this year the construction of four first-class cruisers, four second-class, and two third-class, and twenty torpedo-boat destroyers.

The memorandum of the Secretary of State for War to accompany the Army Estimates states that the total amount—£17,983,800—is less by £22,100 than last year, when there was an increase of £278,100 over the preceding year, caused by the growth of the Reserve, with the Militia and Volunteers, and by the favourable conditions of recruiting; also by the price of forage. The number of men on the home and colonial establishments is 155,403, which does not include those serving in India. The recruiting of the battalions at home is satisfactory. The first-class Reserve stands a little under 85,000, having now reached the maximum number contemplated. About 17,000 men are annually transferred to the Reserve, and from 32,000 to 36,000 recruits yearly are needful to keep up the present establishments; but it is not easy to raise in any one year more than from 23,000 to 27,000 who are up to the highest physical standard.

The House of Commons' Select Committee on the Distress of the Unemployed, of which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman is chairman, has presented an interim report, stating that, over a great part of the country, there has not been more lack of employment than might be expected from an unusually severe winter, but there has been much grave distress and suffering in many places, affecting men ordinarily in regular work as well as those whose work is always liable to be intermittent. They find that there was exceptional distress in 454 localities, with a population of 10,381,000, solely due to the severity of the weather; and in 144 localities, with a population of 3,722,000, an exceptional want of employment, owing to the slackness of trade, or depression of agriculture, or of local industries; but in 595 localities, with a population of 6,797,231, there was no exceptional distress. The Committee has not found itself able to recommend any plan of relief immediately applicable to the remaining weeks of the present season, or which Parliament would accept without further inquiry.

The Local Government Board has issued a memorandum prepared by its medical officer, Dr. R. Thorne Thorne, upon the spread of epidemic influenza, which has attacked England for the sixth time since 1889 and which is declared to be highly infectious, the "sputa" or discharges from the mouth being charged with bacteria or microbes. It is urged that the sick should be separated from healthy persons, the sputa be received into vessels containing disinfectants, and all infected articles and rooms be cleansed and disinfected. Exposure to cold, fatigue, and depressing influences should be avoided. The persons attacked by influenza should at once seek rest, warmth, and medical treatment. The epidemic has now much abated in London; but the deaths in the last four weeks have averaged 35·8 per thousand, being 14 per thousand above the mean rate in the corresponding periods of ten years past.

A general strike, or lock-out, in the wholesale boot and shoe manufacturing trade of Leicester, Northampton, Kettering, and Bristol, and in south-east London, which began in the week following Saturday, March 9, has unhappily thrown many thousands of workpeople out of employment; 13,000 men in Leicester alone, besides as many women and apprentices, the loss of wages in that one town being £40,000 a week. The wages of the best-paid workmen were as high as £1 15s., but they object to the introduction of machinery in the large factories. The central Union has a fund of £63,000 in hand, which will soon be wasted.

The Royal Commission to inquire concerning the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, of which the Right Hon. H. Childers is chairman, has been sitting at the House of Lords, and has taken the evidence of Mr. Murrough O'Brien, one of the Irish Land Act Commissioners, with reference to the disposal of the Church Temporalities Fund. This consisted mainly of tithe rent-charge to the amount of £410,000 a year, and perpetuity rents, £131,000, the whole of which had practically been allotted for purposes which must otherwise have demanded grants of the imperial revenue, to meet temporary emergencies, exceptional distress or famine, or such political crises as might else have affected the peace of the United Kingdom; or to provide for the educational wants of Ireland. He considered that the system of imperial loans for temporary emergencies tended to increase the poverty of Ireland.

At the Snail Beach Lead Mine, in Shropshire, on March 6, by the breaking of a wire rope, a cage in which seven men were descending to work fell to the bottom of the shaft, and they were all killed.

The French Chamber of Deputies has been discussing the Navy Estimates, and M. Lockroy has made a speech finding great fault with the administration, which spends yearly about £12,000,000 sterling on the Navy, or two-thirds of the British Admiralty expenditure, but which has to show for this money not more than seventy-five iron-clads, generally defective in speed and coal-carrying capacity, while Great Britain has 192, better able to keep the sea. Admiral Besnard, the Minister of Marine, denied these representations, declaring that the French Navy was equal to any other in seaworthiness, and decidedly superior in the destructive power of its guns.

The German Emperor William II., after visiting Bremen and the naval port of Wilhelmshaven, was prevented by rough weather from landing on Heligoland, but proceeded to inspect the North Sea and Baltic Ship Canal, which is to be opened in June with a grand assembly of European Princes, and of squadrons representing all the fleets of different nations. Having

returned to Berlin, his Majesty on March 12 opened the sittings of a Committee of the Prussian Council of State upon the distressed condition of the agricultural interest.

The British Agent (Dr. Robertson) in Chitral, a Himalayan native principality beyond Gilgit, to the north-west of Kashmir, and Mr. Udney, the Commissioner for the fixing of boundaries in the Kunar valley, have to deal with a hostile chief, Umra Khan, of Jandol, who has occupied all the forts surrounding Chitral, threatening its Prince, a recent ally of our Indian Government. There is a British force of one thousand men in Chitral, and two battalions more have been ordered from Gilgit. It is also expected that the Afghan troops at Asmar will act with ours against Umra Khan.

The body of the late Ismail Pasha, formerly Khedive of Egypt, brought from Constantinople, where he died, was landed at Alexandria on March 10, and was conveyed by railway to Cairo, where the funeral was celebrated with much pomp on Tuesday, March 12, at the Rifa Mosque, attended by all the English officials and the European residents in Egypt.

Serious riots, and conflicts between the white and negro dock-labourers and the cotton-pressers, have broken out at New Orleans; four men were killed in the fighting on Tuesday, March 12, and two others, who jumped into the river, were drowned.

## PARLIAMENT.

There is no prospect of the Budget before Easter; but the House of Commons is in the thick of Supply. The Army Estimates show a decrease of a trifle over £22,000, for which the taxpayer may be thankful if he has any optimism left in him; but the Navy Estimates are increasing merrily. The programme of new construction for the year will cost nearly five millions and a half, and there is besides a matter of over eight millions and a half for dockyards and harbours, an expenditure which is to be met by a loan. The Admiralty are setting to work in earnest on the defences of Gibraltar, too long neglected, and there is to be a big harbour at Dover, though this does not come into the present Estimates. Mr. Edmund Robertson explained the proposals of the Government amidst a chorus of congratulation; indeed, it may be said that the Navy has for the present been removed from the arena of party conflict. A resolution moved by Mr. Arnold-Forster before the Navy Estimates were introduced served no useful purpose except that of eliciting from Mr. Robertson the important statement that a Committee of the Cabinet has been deliberating on our naval defences for about a year. The ships laid down under the Naval Defence Act are complete, and the dockyards are busy with the battle-ships ordered by the Government under the programme of last year. No new battle-ships enter into the present proposal, but a considerable number of first and second class cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers will be laid down. These plans have met with general approval. Of equal importance is the announcement that large additions have been made to the personnel of the Navy, amounting to about 12,000 men in two years. Recruiting for the Navy in the mercantile marine is a failure, but the war-ship which sailed round the coasts picking up boys has had a very prosperous cruise. Sir Edward Grey admitted that a serious difference had arisen between this country and the United States owing to the refusal of Congress to vote the money for compensation to Canadian fishermen under the Behring Sea Arbitration. Ministers were severely criticised for their alleged laxity in the proceedings connected with the abortive efforts to extradite Jabez Balfour; but a hostile motion on this subject was defeated by a majority of sixty-one. A supporter of the Government, Mr. G. A. Pease, complained that slavery was carried on in Zanzibar under the British flag. A British Protectorate has existed in that island since 1893, but slavery is still a domestic institution. Supported by Sir James Fergusson, the Government pleaded that they were doing all in their power to effect a gradual extinction of the evil, and obtained a majority of forty-seven. In a discussion about Cyprus Sir William Harcourt declared that the island had cost the British taxpayer half a million, and was of no value whatever, but the Government did not propose to give it up. A resolution proposed by Mr. Provand and seconded by Mr. Fletcher Moulton in favour of special taxation by way of direct assessment of all land values due to the growth of general prosperity was adopted unanimously. In the House of Lords no opposition was made to a Government measure for enabling Poor-law unions in Ireland to borrow money from the Irish Local Government Board for the purpose of supplying seed-potatoes to small cultivators.

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## PERSONAL.

Of the various candidates for the Speakership, which Mr. Peel is about to resign after an illustrious career, Mr. Leonard Courtney has many qualifications. His impartiality is beyond dispute; indeed, it has repeatedly been a source of trouble to his political associates. He has an admirable temper, and it is scarcely credible that he is regarded with hostility by the Irish party on account of his disciplinary measures when he was Chairman of Committees. The Nationalists were at one time very angry with Mr. Peel, but during the last few years his relations with them have been quite cordial, and they have lost no opportunity of treating him with marked respect. As there is no feud between them and Mr. Courtney, it is not clear why they should object to his appointment as Mr. Peel's successor. There is no doubt that Sir Matthew White Ridley would make an excellent Speaker; while Sir Julian Goldsmid's success as Deputy-Chairman of Committees shows that he, too, is well qualified for the higher appointment.

It is an interesting fact that but for an unfortunate infirmity Mr. Goschen would have been Speaker of the House of Commons instead of Mr. Peel. In 1884 Mr. Gladstone offered the post to Mr. Goschen, who was anxious to accept it, but the state of his eyes compelled him to consult the oculists, who told him that he could not perform the duties of the Chair. In all respects save one Mr. Goschen would have been an admirable Speaker. He is terribly shortsighted, and he could not possibly have distinguished the members eager to catch the Speaker's eye.

It is curious that while Englishmen are congratulating themselves on the vigorous policy adopted by the Admiralty for strengthening the Navy, which is still supposed by some experts to be unable to cope with the French, M. Lockroy has been telling the Chamber of Deputies that the British Navy is three times stronger than that of France, although the British expenditure exceeds the French by only one-third. Cynics will say this is M. Lockroy's method of inducing his countrymen to make a spurt with shipbuilding in response to the forward movement of Lord Spencer. Any way, the competition of armaments goes merrily on. One of the projects of the Admiralty is a great harbour at Dover, and this would certainly be a boon to mariners tossed about the inhospitable Straits, as well as a bulwark of the national defences.

The Rev. Edmund Venables, who died on March 5, was educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he

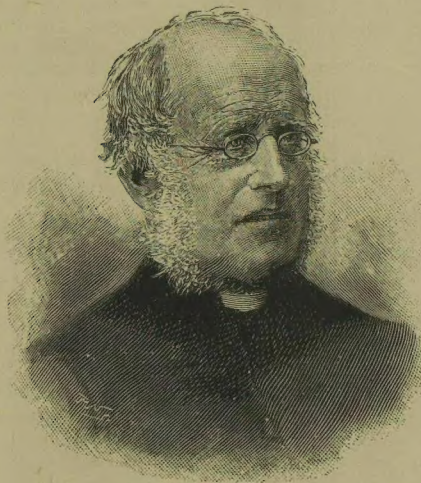


Photo by Russell.  
THE LATE REV. EDMUND VENABLES.

graduated as a Wrangler in 1842. He was examining Chaplain to the late Bishop Jackson, and afterwards was appointed Canon of Lincoln Cathedral. He was a great lover of architecture and music, and filled appropriately the office of Precentor. He was seventy-five years old, and his death from influenza, followed so soon by the death of his wife, has produced a great impression. Precentor Venables was one of the ablest and most accomplished clergymen in the Church of England. After the secession of Freeman from the *Saturday Review*, Venables, to a very large extent, took his place. The articles on towns and cities were generally written by him, and not a few of them were of marked excellence. He was also an occasional reviewer in the *Athenæum*, and indeed his literary activities were far more widespread than is generally known.

Canon Church, whose elaborate and valuable book on Wells Cathedral appeared almost simultaneously with the "Life and Letters" of his brother, the late Dean of St. Paul's, is one of the most scholarly and courtly of English ecclesiastics. He lives in a spacious old house hard by "the most complete and perfectly preserved of our cathedrals," whose history he has just set forth after many years of arduous research. The Canon is an ardent archaeologist, and in his book he has filled a void over which Professor Freeman long lamented. A son of the Canon has been "roughing it" during the past year on a Canadian ranch belonging to the Earl of Aberdeen.

The retirement of Sir Edmund Du Cane from the office of Surveyor-General of Prisons is expected to lead to some important changes in that department. Hitherto the post has been held by a military man; indeed, the whole prison administration may be described as a branch of the War Office. There has been a strong agitation against this régime, and Mr. Asquith could no doubt be pressed to appoint a civilian in Sir Edmund Du Cane's room. The military system is said to be needlessly rigorous, especially in the practice of solitary confinement, which it is alleged has caused a marked increase of insanity among the convicts.

Destitution which remains unrelieved because it is unknown has been grimly illustrated by a tragedy at Tooting. A plasterer named Taylor murdered his wife and six children, and then committed suicide. He had been stricken by influenza, and unable to work, but he made no application for relief in any quarter, and his case had never been heard of by any charitable agency. Mr. Keir Hardie has fastened upon this as a proof that society and the law are culpably indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, though it is clear that Taylor was the victim, not of extreme poverty, but of acute religious mania. Illness may have

intensified this, but the unfortunate plasterer's letters are those of a madman.

In the death of the Very Rev. William Robert Fremantle the diocese of Ripon loses its Dean and the

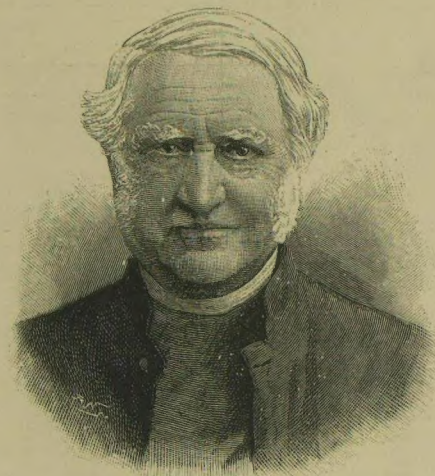


Photo by Bayley.  
THE LATE VERY REV. W. R. FREMANTLE,  
Dean of Ripon.

Church at large one of the most venerable-looking, stately, and picturesque figures among the clergy. Dean Fremantle was not often seen in London, except at the May meeting season, but his influence in the councils of the Evangelical party, of which he was an attached member, was very great.

He had reached the ripe old age of eighty-seven, but his mental faculties retained their vigour until the last.

The late Dean was educated at Eton and Oxford. He rowed in the University eight, there being in the same boat Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, and Garnier, afterwards Dean of Lincoln. He obtained a Fellowship of Magdalen College in 1831, and he was ordained shortly afterwards. In 1841 he became Vicar of Steeple Claydon and Rector of Middle Claydon, and there enjoyed that warm friendship with the late Sir Harry Verney which was terminated only by the death of Sir Harry a short time since. He was appointed to the Deanery in 1876, since which time his energies had been in the main devoted to promoting the good of the Church and city with which he was identified. He was a quiet and thoughtful preacher and speaker, and he often pleaded in the pulpit and on the platform the cause of missions, both home and foreign. Kindly, courteous, and gentle, he will be much missed by a wide circle of friends.

The Simeon trustees have made a wise selection in offering Canon Eyre the Vicarage of Sheffield, and the parishioners are to be congratulated that he has seen his way to accept it. The new Vicar is in many respects the counterpart of the late Archdeacon Blakeney—a man of rare tact, wise judgment, broad sympathies, and of devoted attachment to spiritual religion. As a speaker he is more than the late Vicar's equal, and those who heard him make the concluding address at the great May meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London last year will not readily forget with what power and pathos he delivered himself. Moreover, he will be specially welcomed at Sheffield because he is a Northerner. It is true he comes to them direct from a Devonshire parish; but the whole of his ministerial life, from the time of his ordination in 1868 down to 1890, was spent in the North. He possesses wonderful powers of adaptation; he is as much at home addressing a company of horny-handed artisans as he is in arousing the sympathies of ladies at a drawing-room meeting. But perhaps his strongest point is in dealing with men, and those who know Sheffield and who know Canon Eyre predict that he will quickly become the most popular man in the town, a position which was universally conceded to the late Vicar.

The collector of "first numbers" has had a good time lately. With the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—new journalism. And the young woman is no less keen, witness the production of the *Englishwoman* (F. V. White and Co.), an illustrated monthly magazine, edited by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon. Its cover is a light yellow—*tonjours jaune*—and there are within it eighty-four pages of letterpress. Names familiar to most of us—e.g., Lady Lindsay, John Strange Winter, Violet Hunt, Marie Belloc, L. F. Austin—figure together with Linley Sambourne's design of a modern young lady on the wrapper. And there is certainly plenty of matter for the money, besides several portraits and sketches.

Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott, who died on March 3, had many claims on the regard and esteem of citizens of London.

Born at Truro in 1824, he entered the Common Council at the age of thirty-four, served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex in the year of Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and in December 1871 became Alderman of Dowgate Ward. His year of mayoralty was distinguished by many events, including the unveiling of the memorial in place of Temple Bar, State visits paid to Scarborough, Truro, and Brussels, and the entertainment of leading Freemasons at the Mansion House by Sir Francis, who was Grand Warden that year. There was

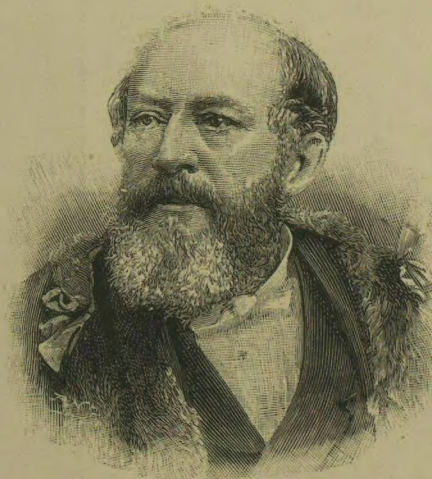


Photo by Fradelle and Young.  
THE LATE SIR FRANCIS WYATT TRUSCOTT.

also extraordinary liberality shown to the Mansion House funds; to the Duchess of Marlborough's fund for relieving Irish distress £35,431 was contributed, a sum nearly equalled on behalf of the Abercrombie Colliery sufferers, while the Sir Rowland Hill memorial received £16,827. Sir Francis, who had been knighted in 1872, was for many years a member of the now defunct Metropolitan Board of Works, and a Conservator of the Thames. Until recently he was head of the firm of Messrs. James Truscott and Sons, stationers and printers. He twice unsuccessfully contested Parliamentary seats in the Conservative interest.

Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz undertook on Friday, March 8, the ambitious scheme of a long pianoforte recital. Her *pièce de résistance* was a somewhat vapid but extremely difficult early pianoforte sonata by Brahms—a sonata with far too many various styles to make it, as a single great work should be, simply and singly interesting. Scarlatti, Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn, D'Albert, and Rameau were among the names with which Mlle. Eibenschütz essayed to conjure our enthusiasm. Unfortunately, her style so lacks versatility, is so precisely accurate rather than sympathetic, that it was difficult to appreciate the different intentions of all these vastly different composers. Chopin sounded like Scarlatti, Scarlatti like Bach; yet one knew that there was as much difference between them as there was difference between Georges Sand's Paris, the Court of Old Spain, and a German cathedral town.

The Philharmonic Concert (the first of the series), which was given at the Queen's Hall, under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, on Thursday, March 7, was extremely and deservedly successful. The pianist was Herr Emile Sauer, whose playing of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor and Weber's Concertstück was admirable. There were moments when he rather overpowered the band, when he ran beyond the capabilities of the orchestra. His own playing was none the less delightful, even overwhelming. Madame Sapio sang an empty bravura song in exactly the manner in which such a song should be sung. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The ballad has in these days been eclipsed by the ballade, and the round by the rondeau. But the

influence of the ballad is probably far wider and more useful than its successors. On March 4 there died at Blackheath Dr. William Cox Bennett, whose industry in the making of ballads knew no end. He was seventy-four, and his career as a writer of songs stretched back to 1850, when he published his first volume, "Poems." Like his brother, Sir John Bennett, he was a keen politician, and passing events were his chief inspiration. Thus the doings in the Crimea gave him the idea for his "War Songs," and he essayed, with some success, a "Ballad History of England." Some of his lyrics on children were his prettiest. He knew his limits as a writer, and had no vaulting ambition to overleap itself. There was the same wholesome note about his songs which one finds in those of Henry Russell, and perhaps they will live longer than many "great" poems by new poets. Dr. Bennett edited the *Lark*, which contained a quantity of popular compositions; and wrote for the *Weekly Dispatch* and other periodicals during his career.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, who does not believe the stories of Turkish atrocities in Armenia which have appeared in great detail in the *Daily Telegraph*, has invited the editor of that journal to submit the dispatches of his correspondent to the investigation of an impartial tribunal, composed of three experts. This proposal reveals a curious misconception as to the responsibilities of an editor. If it were justifiable, then everybody who did not happen to believe certain statements in a newspaper might call on the editor to submit them to a tribunal of experts, and anathematise him if he refused. On these conditions the business of journalism could not be carried on. Editors are responsible not to Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, but to public opinion, and if they fall into error they lose credit in proportion. To have the *Daily Telegraph* edited by a committee to be appointed at the instance of any aggrieved person would be a state of things more suitable to a comic opera than to the practical affairs of Fleet Street.

The great man-milliner is dead. The late Mr. Worth was a Lincolnshire boy who came to London, entered a draper's shop, passed over to Paris, and became the despot of the fashionable world. It may be galling to Gallic pride to reflect that not Paris but Lincolnshire produced the Napoleon of dress. Worth was fortunate enough to secure the patronage of the Empress Eugénie in the heyday of the Empire, but he ruled that Sovereign as he ruled the American heiresses who, in the degenerate days of the Third Republic, became his chief clients. He was a man of great energy and resource, with a real gift of taste which made it impossible for Paris to teach him anything. He was also the greatest minister to feminine vanity the modern world has seen; but this was no fault of his. That vanity preceded and will survive him.

The basset-hounds which Mr. V. T. Garland depicted in our pages recently were not sold to Mr. J. Moss by the Prince of Monaco, but are the loan of a friend to whom the Prince presented them.

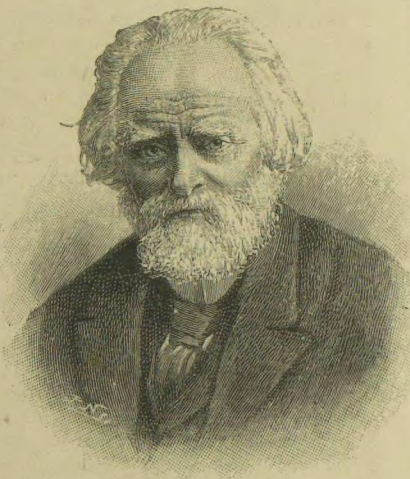
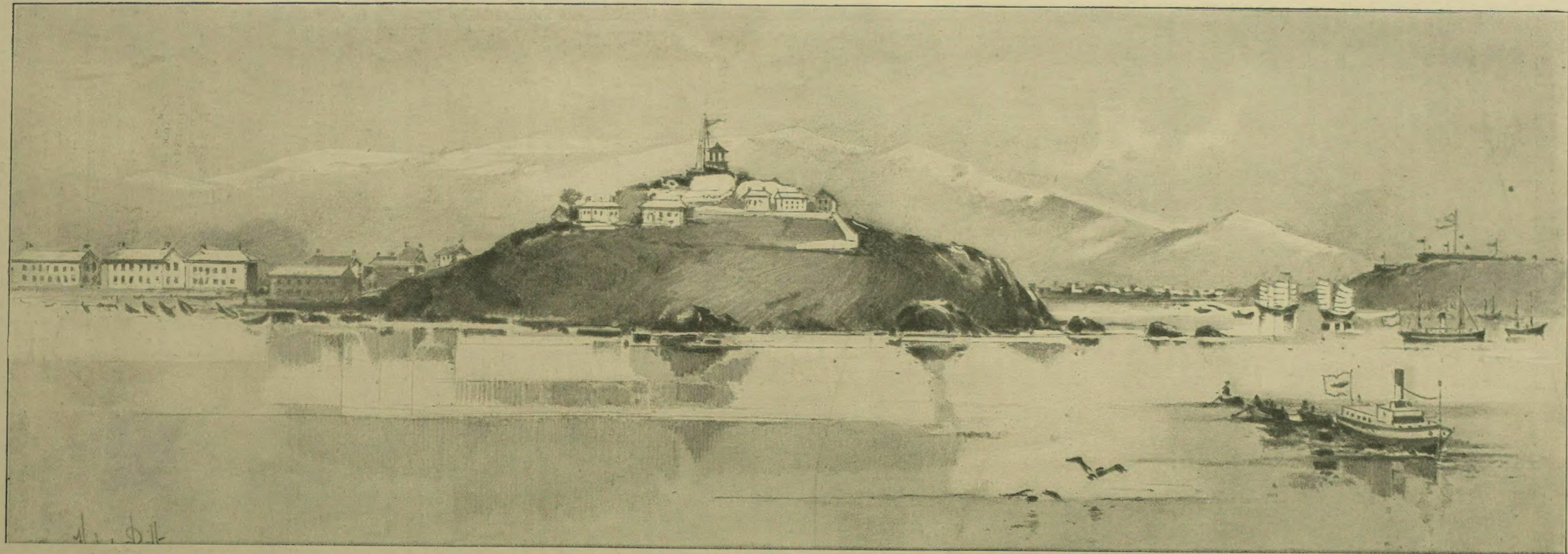


Photo by Byrne and Co.  
THE LATE DR. W. C. BENNETT.



# THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

Sketches by Mr. J. Fuller, H.M.S. "Æolus."



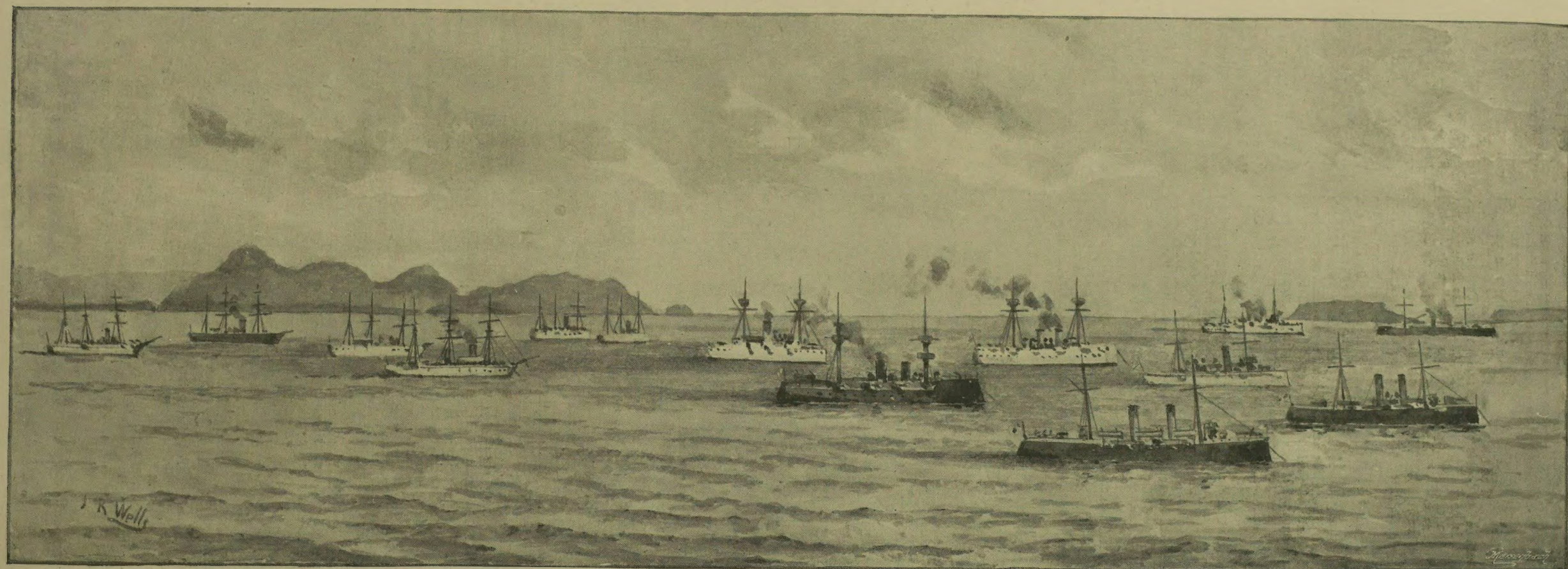
English and European Residences.

Signal Station.

Chinese Quarters.

Fort.

CHEFOO, AS SEEN FROM THE FLEET.



H.M.S. Daphne.

Russian Corvette.

Alexandrine (German).  
Marie (German)

Beautemps-Beaupré (French).  
Yorktown (U.S.A.)

Charlestown (U.S.A.)

Isly (French).

Baltimore (U.S.A.)

H.M.S. Æolus.

H.M.S. Undaunted.  
H.M.S. Severn.

H.M.S. Gibraltar.  
H.M.S. Spartan.

MEN-OF-WAR ANCHORED OFF CHEFOO: A SKETCH FROM THE SHORE.





# EVE'S RANSOM

## BY GEORGE GISSING



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

## XXI.

To-day he had the house to himself. The corn-dealer's shop was closed, as on a Sunday; the optician and his blind wife had locked up their rooms and were spending Easter-tide, it might be hoped, amid more cheerful surroundings. Hilliard sat with his door open, that he might easily hear the knock which announced his guests at the entrance below.

It sounded, at length, but timidly. Had he not been listening, he would not have perceived it. Eve's handling of the knocker was firmer than that, and in a different rhythm. Apprehensive of disappointment, he hurried downstairs and opened the door to Patty Ringrose—Patty alone.

With a shy but pleased laugh, her cheeks warm and her eyes bright, she jerked out a hand to him as in the old days.

"I know you won't be glad to see me. I'm so sorry. I said I had better not come."

"Of course I am glad to see you. But where's Eve?"

"It's so unfortunate—she has such a bad headache!" panted the girl. "She couldn't possibly come, and I wanted to stay with her. I said I should only disappoint you."

"It's a pity, of course; but I'm glad you came, for all that." Hilliard stifled his dissatisfaction and misgivings. "You'll think this a queer sort of place. I'm quite alone here to-day. But after you have rested a little we can go somewhere else."

"Yes. Eve told me you would be so kind as to take me to see things. I'm not tired. I won't come in, if you'd rather—"

"Oh, you may as well see what sort of a den I've made for myself."

He led the way upstairs. When she reached the top, Patty was again breathless, the result of excitement more than exertion. She exclaimed at sight of the sitting-room. How cosy it was! What a scent from the flowers! Did he always buy flowers for his room? No doubt it was to please Eve. What a comfortable chair! Of course Eve always sat in this chair?

Then her babbling ceased, and she looked up at Hilliard, who stood over against her, with nervous delight. He could perceive no change whatever in her, except that she was better dressed than formerly. Not a day seemed to have been added to her age; her voice had precisely the intonations that he remembered. After all, it was little more than half a year since they were together in Paris; but to Hilliard the winter had seemed of interminable length, and he expected to find Miss Ringrose a much altered person.

"When did this headache begin?" he inquired, trying to speak without over-much concern.

"She had a little yesterday, when she met me at the station. I didn't think she was looking at all well."

"I'm surprised to hear that. She looked particularly well when I saw her last. Had you any trouble in making your way here?"

"Oh, not a bit. I found the tram, just as Eve told me. But I'm so sorry! And a fine day too! You don't often have fine days here, do you, Mr. Hilliard?"

"Now and then. So you've seen Dudley at last. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, I like it! I shouldn't mind living there a bit. But of course I like Birmingham better."

"Almost as fine as Paris, isn't it?"

"You don't mean that, of course. But I've only seen a few of the streets, and most of the shops are shut up to-day. Isn't it a pity Eve has to live so far off? Though, of course, it isn't really very far—and I suppose you see each other often?"

Hilliard took a seat, crossed his legs, and grasped his knee. The girl appeared to wait for an answer to her last words, but he said nothing, and stared at the floor.

"If it's fine to-morrow," Patty continued, after observing him furtively, "are you coming to Dudley?"

"Yes, I shall come over. Did she send any message?"

"No—nothing particular—"

Patty looked confused, stroked her dress, and gave a little cough.

"But if it rains—as it very likely will—there's no use in my coming."

"No, she said not."

"Or if her headache is still troubling her—"

"Let's hope it will be better. But—in any case, she'll be able to come with me to Birmingham on Monday, when I go back. I must be home again on Monday night."

"Don't you think," said Hilliard carelessly, "that Eve would rather have you to herself, just for the short time you are here?"

Patty made vigorous objection.

"I don't think that at all. It's quite settled that you are to come over to-morrow, if it's fine. Oh, and I do



Just outside Hilliard heard himself hailed in a familiar voice; he turned and saw Narramore.



hope it will be! It would be so dreadful to be shut up in the house all day at Dudley. How very awkward that there's no place where she can have you there! If it rains, hadn't we better come here? I'm sure it would be better for Eve. She seems to get into such low spirits—just like she was sometimes in London."

"That's quite news to me," said the listener gravely.

"Doesn't she let you know? Then I'm so sorry I mentioned it. You won't tell her I said anything?"

"Wait a moment. Does she say that she is often in low spirits?"

Patty faltered, stroking her dress with the movement of increasing nervousness.

"It's better I should know," Hilliard added, "I'm afraid she keeps all this from me. For several weeks I have thought her in particularly good health."

"But she tells me just the opposite. She says—"

"Says what?"

"Perhaps it's only the place that doesn't agree with her. I don't think Dudley is *very* healthy, do you?"

"I never heard of doctors sending convalescents there. But Eve must be suffering from some other cause, I think. Does it strike you that she is at all like what she used to be when—when you felt so anxious about her?"

He met the girl's eyes, and saw them expand in alarm.

"I didn't think—I didn't mean"—she stammered.

"No, but I have a reason for asking. Is it so or not?"

"Don't frighten me, Mr. Hilliard! I do so wish I hadn't said anything. She isn't in good health, that's all. How can you think—? That was all over long ago. And she would never—I'm *sure* she wouldn't, after all you've done for her."

Hilliard ground the carpet with his foot, and all but uttered a violent ejaculation.

"I know she is all gratitude," were the words that became audible.

"She is indeed!" urged Patty. "She says that—even if she wished—she could never break off with you; as I am *sure* she would never wish!"

"Ah! that's what she says," murmured the other. And abruptly he rose. "There's no use in talking about this. You are here for a holiday, and not to be bored with other people's troubles. The sun is trying to shine. Let us go and see the town, and then—yes, I'll go back with you to Dudley, just to hear whether Eve is feeling any better. You could see her, and then come out and tell me."

"Mr. Hilliard, I'm quite sure you are worrying without any cause—you are, indeed!"

"I know I am. It's all nonsense. Come along, and let us enjoy the sunshine."

They spent three or four hours together, Hilliard resolute in his discharge of hospitable duties, and Miss Ringrose, after a brief spell of unnatural gravity, allowing no reflection to interfere with her holiday mood. Hilliard had never felt quite sure as to the limits of Patty's intelligence; he could not take her seriously, and yet felt unable to treat her altogether as a child or an imbecile. To-day, because of his preoccupied thoughts, and the effort it cost him to be jocose, he talked for the most part in a vein of irony which impressed, but did not much enlighten, his hearer.

"This," said he, when they had reached the centre of things, "is the Acropolis of Birmingham. Here are our great buildings, of which we boast to the world. They signify the triumph of Democracy—and of money. In front of you stands the Town Hall. Here, to the left, is the Midland Institute, where a great deal of lecturing goes on, and the big Free Library, where you can either read or go to sleep. I have done both in my time. Behind yonder you catch a glimpse of the fountain that plays to the glory of Joseph Chamberlain—did you ever hear of him? And farther back still is Mason College, where young men are taught a variety of things, including discontent with a small income. To the right there, that's the Council Hall—splendid, isn't it! We bring our little boys to look at it, and tell them if they make money enough they may some day go in and out as if it were their own house. Behind it you see the Art Gallery. We don't really care for pictures; a great big machine is our genuine delight; but it wouldn't be nice to tell everybody that."

"What a lot I have learnt from you!" exclaimed the girl ingenuously, when at length they turned their steps towards the railway station. "I shall always remember Birmingham. You like it much better than London, don't you?"

"I glory in the place!"

Hilliard was tired out. He repented of his proposal to make the journey to Dudley and back, but his companion did not suspect this.

"I'm sure Eve will come out and have a little walk with us," she said comfortingly. "And she'll think it so kind of you."

At Dudley station there were crowds of people; Patty asked leave to hold by her companion's arm as they made their way to the exit. Just outside Hilliard heard himself hailed in a familiar voice; he turned and saw Narramore.

"I beg your pardon," said his friend, coming near. "I didn't notice—I thought you were alone, or, of course, I shouldn't have shouted. Shall you be at home to-morrow afternoon?"

"If it rains."

"It's sure to rain. I shall look in about four."

## XXII.

With a glance at Miss Ringrose, he raised his hat and passed on. Hilliard, confused by the rapid rencontre, half annoyed at having been seen with Patty, and half wishing he had not granted the appointment for to-morrow, as it might interfere with a visit from the girls, walked forward in silence.

"So we really sha'n't see you if it's wet to-morrow," said Patty.

"Better not. Eve would be afraid to come, she catches cold so easily."

"It may be fine, like to-day. I do hope—"

She broke off and added:

"Why, isn't that Eve in front?"

Eve it certainly was, walking slowly away from the station, a few yards in advance of them. They quickened their pace, and Patty caught her friend by the arm. Eve, startled out of abstraction, stared at her with eyes of dismay and bloodless cheeks.

"Did I frighten you? Mr. Hilliard has come back with me to ask how you are. Is your head better?"

"I've just been down to the station—for something to do," said Eve, her look fixed on Hilliard with what seemed to him a very strange intensity. "The afternoon was so fine."

"We've had a splendid time," cried Patty. "Mr. Hilliard has shown me everything."

"I'm so glad. I should only have spoilt it if I had been with you. It's wretched going about with a headache, and I can't make believe to enjoy Birmingham."

Eve spoke hurriedly, still regarding Hilliard, who looked upon the ground.

"Have you been alone all day?" he asked, taking the outer place at her side, as they walked on.

"Of course—except for the people in the house," was her offhand reply.

"I met Narramore down at the station; he must have passed you. What has brought him here to-day, I wonder?"

Appearing not to heed the remark, Eve glanced across at Patty, and said with a laugh:

"It's like Paris again, isn't it—we three? You ought to come and live here, Patty. Don't you think you could get a place in Birmingham? Mr. Hilliard would get a piano for his room, and you could let him have some music. I'm too old to learn."

"I'm sure he wouldn't want *me* jingling there."

"Wouldn't he? He's very fond of music indeed."

Hilliard stopped.

"Well, I don't think I'll go any further," he said mechanically. "You're quite well again, Eve, and that's all I wanted to know."

"What about to-morrow?" Eve asked.

The sun had set, and in the westward sky rose a mountain of menacing cloud. Hilliard gave a glance in that direction before replying.

"Don't count upon me. Patty and you will enjoy the day together, in any case. Yes, I had rather have it so. Narramore said just now he might look in to see me in the afternoon. But come over on Monday. When does Patty's train go from New Street?"

Eve was mute, gazing at the speaker as if she did not catch what he had said. Patty answered for herself.

"Then you can either come to my place," he continued, "or I'll meet you at the station."

Patty's desire was evident in her face; she looked at Eve.

"We'll come to you early in the afternoon," said the latter, speaking like one aroused from reverie. "Yes, we'll come whatever the weather is."

The young man shook hands with them, raised his hat, and walked away without further speech. It occurred to him that he might overtake Narramore at the station, and in that hope he hastened; but Narramore must have left by a London and North-Western train which had just started; he was nowhere discoverable. Hilliard travelled back by the Great Western, after waiting about an hour; he had for companions half-a-dozen beer-muddled lads, who roared hymns and cosiers' catches impartially.

His mind was haunted with deadly suspicions: he felt sick at heart.

Eve's headache, undoubtedly, was a mere pretence for not accompanying Patty to-day. She had desired to be alone, and—this he discovered no less clearly—she wished the friendship between him and Patty to be fostered. With what foolish hope? Was she so shallow-natured as to imagine that he might transfer his affections to Patty Ringrose? It proved how strong her desire had grown to be free from him.

The innocent Patty (*was* she so innocent?) seemed not to suspect the meaning of her friend's talk. Yet Eve must have all but told her in so many words that she was weary of her lover. That hateful harping on "gratitude"! Well, one cannot purchase a woman's love. He had missed the right, the generous, line of conduct. That would have been to rescue Eve from manifest peril, and then to ask nothing of her. Could he but have held his passions in leash, something like friendship—rarest of all relations between man and woman—might have come about between him and Eve. She, too, certainly had never got beyond the stage of liking him as a companion; her senses had never answered to his appeal. He looked back upon the

evening when they had dined together at the restaurant in Holborn. Could he but have stopped at *that* point! There would have been no harm in such avowals as then escaped him, for he recognised without bitterness that the warmth of feeling was all on one side, and Eve, in the manner of her sex, could like him better for his love without a dream of returning it. His error was to have taken advantage—perhaps a mean advantage—of the strange events that followed. If he restrained himself before, how much more should he have done so when the girl had put herself at his mercy, when to demand her love was the obvious, commonplace, vulgar outcome of the situation? Of course she harped on "gratitude." What but a sense of obligation had constrained her?

Something had taken place to-day; he felt it as a miserable certainty. The man from London had been with her. She expected him, and had elaborately planned for a day of freedom. Perhaps her invitation of Patty had no other motive.

That Patty was a conspirator against him he could not believe. No! She was merely an instrument of Eve's subtlety. And his suspicion had not gone beyond the truth. Eve entertained the hope that Patty might take her place. Perchance the silly, good-natured girl would feel no objection; though it was not very likely that she foresaw or schemed for such an issue.

At Snow Hill Station it cost him an effort to rise and leave the carriage. His mood was sluggish; he wished to sit still and think idly over the course of events.

He went by way of St. Philip's Church, which stands amid a wide graveyard, enclosed with iron railings, and crossed by paved walks. The locality was all but forsaken; the church rose black against the grey sky, and the lofty places of business round about were darkly silent. A man's footstep sounded in front of him, and a figure approached along the narrow path between the high bars. Hilliard would have passed without attention, but the man stopped his way.

"Hollo! Here we are again!"

He stared at the speaker, and recognised Mr. Dengate.

"So you've come back?"

"Where from?" said Hilliard. "What do you know of me?"

"As much as I care to," replied the other with a laugh. "So you haven't quite gone to the devil yet? I gave you six months. I've been watching the police news in the London papers."

In a maddening access of rage, Hilliard clenched his fist and struck fiercely at the man. But he did no harm, for his aim was wild, and Dengate easily warded off the blows.

"Hold on! You're drunk, of course. Stop it, my lad, or I'll have you locked up till Monday morning. Very obliging of you to offer me the pleasure I was expecting, but you *will* have it, eh?"

A second blow was repaid in kind, and Hilliard staggered back against the railings. Before he could recover himself, Dengate, whose high hat rolled between their feet, pinned his arms.

"There's someone coming along. It's a pity. I should enjoy thrashing you and then running you in. But a man of my position doesn't care to get mixed up in a street row. It wouldn't sound well at Liverpool. Stand quiet, will you!"

A man and a woman drew near, and lingered for a moment in curiosity. Hilliard, already amazed at what he had done, became passive, and stood with bent head.

"I must have a word or two with you," said Dengate, when he had picked up his hat. "Can you walk straight? I didn't notice you were drunk before I spoke to you. Come along this way."

To escape the lookers-on, Hilliard moved forward.

"I've always regretted," resumed his companion, "that I didn't give you a sound thrashing that night in the train. It would have done you good. It might have been the making of you. I didn't hurt you, eh?"

"You've bruised my lips—that's all. And I deserved it for being such a fool as to lose my temper."

"You look rather more decent than I should have expected. What have you been doing in London?"

"How do you know I have been in London?"

"I took that for granted when I knew you'd left your work at Dudley."

"Who told you I had left it?"

"What does it matter?"

"I should like to know," said Hilliard, whose excitement had passed and left him cold. "And I should like to know who told you before that I was in the habit of getting drunk?"

"Are you drunk now, or not?"

"Not in the way you mean. Do you happen to know a man called Narramore?"

"Never heard the name."

Hilliard felt ashamed of his ignoble suspicion. He became silent.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't be told," added Dengate; "it was a friend of yours at Dudley that I came across when I was making inquiries about you: Mullen his name was."

A clerk at the ironworks, with whom Hilliard had been on terms of slight intimacy.

"Oh, that fellow," he uttered carelessly. "I'm glad



to know it was no one else. Why did you go inquiring about me?"

"I told you. If I'd heard a better account I should have done a good deal more for you than pay that money. I gave you a chance, too. If you'd shown any kind of decent behaviour when I spoke to you in the train—but it's no good talking about that now. This is the second time you've let me see what a natural blackguard you are. It's queer, too; you didn't get that from your father. I could have put you in the way of something good at Liverpool. Now, I'd see you at the devil first. Well, have you run through the money?"

"Every penny of it gone in drink."

"And what are you doing?"

"Walking with a man I should be glad to be rid of."

"All right. Here's my card. When you get into the gutter, and nobody'll give you a hand out, let me know."

With a nod, Dengate walked off. Hilliard saw him smooth his silk hat as he went; then, without glancing at the card, he threw it away.

The next morning was cold and wet. He lay in bed till eleven o'clock, when the charwoman came to put his rooms in order. At mid-day he left home, had dinner at the nearest place he knew where a meal could be obtained on Sunday, and afterwards walked the streets for an hour under his umbrella. The exercise did him good; on returning he felt able to sit down by the fire, and turn over the plates of his great book on French Cathedrals. This, at all events, remained to him out of the wreck, and was a joy that could be counted upon in days to come.

He hoped Narramore would keep his promise, and was not disappointed. On the verge of dusk his friend knocked and entered.

"The blind woman was at the door below," he explained, "looking for somebody."

"It isn't as absurd as it sounds. She does look for people—with her ears. She knows a footstep that no one else can hear. What were you doing at Dudley yesterday?"

Narramore took his pipe out of its case and smiled over it.

"Colours well, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"You don't care about the colouring of a pipe? I get a lot of satisfaction out of such little things! Lazy fellows always do; and they have the best of life in the end. By-the-by, what were *you* doing at Dudley?"

"Had to go over with a girl."

"Rather a pretty girl, too. Old acquaintance?"

"Someone I got to know in London. No, no, not at all what you suppose."

"Well, I know you wouldn't talk about it. It isn't my way, either, to say much about such things. But I half-promised, not long ago, to let you know of something that was going on—if it came to anything. And it rather looks as if it might. What do you think! Birching has been at me, wanting to know why I don't call. I wonder whether the girl put him up to it?"

"You went rather far, didn't you?"

"Oh, I drew back in time. Besides, those ideas are old-fashioned. It'll have to be understood that marriageable girls have nothing specially sacred about them. They must associate with men on equal terms. The day has gone by for a hulking brother to come asking a man about his 'intentions.' As a rule, it's the girl—that has intentions. The man is just looking round, anxious to be amiable without making a fool of himself. We're at a great disadvantage. A girl who isn't an idiot can very soon know all about the men who interest her; but it's difficult to get much insight into *them*—until you've hopelessly committed yourself. Won't you smoke? I've something to tell you, and I can't talk to a man who isn't smoking, when my own pipe's lit."

Hilliard obeyed, and for a few moments they puffed in silence, twilight thickening about them.

"Three or four months ago," resumed Narramore, "I was told one day—at business—that a lady wished to see me. I happened to have the room to myself, and told them to show the lady in. I didn't in the least know who it could be, and I was surprised to see rather a good-looking girl—not exactly a lady—tallish, and with fine dark eyes—What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"A twinge of gout?"

"Go on."

Narramore scrutinised his friend, who spoke in an unusual tone.

"She sat down, and began to tell me that she was out of work—wanted a place as a book-keeper, or something of the kind. Could I help her? I asked her why she came to me. She said she had heard of me from someone who used

to be employed at our place. That was flattering. I showed my sense of it. Then I asked her name, and she said it was Miss Madeley."

A gust threw rain against the windows. Narramore paused, looking into the fire, and smiling thoughtfully.

(To be continued.)

## ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

### XI.—THE CHRYSALIS YEAR.

In warm spots under hedges, I see, the first spring insects now begin to appear, timidly and tentatively, from the shelter of their cocoons. Some few of them, indeed, like the lady-birds, the wasps, and the bumble-bees, have struggled through the winter in the winged or perfect form, having hibernated among warm moss or under the bark of trees in favoured situations. These adventurous kinds passed through their larval and pupal stages last year, and a tithe of them live on with difficulty through the winter frosts, to become the mothers and founders of fresh insect communities as April comes round again. But by far the greater number eat and grow as



Hilliard staggered back against the railings.

grubs or caterpillars through the summer months, and when autumn approaches turn into cocoons or chrysalides, to lie by for the winter in a snug retreat, well wrapped up in a warm silky or woollen coverlet, and protected underground from snow or hoarfrost. As soon as cold weather approaches, these prudent insects retire from public life, cease from active pursuits, melt themselves up into a sort of organic pulp, lose almost every distinguishable organ or feature, and remain dormant, in a state of indefinite protoplasm, which gradually takes shape again as moth, beetle, or butterfly. Mummies we sometimes call them, but they are not even mummies, for they lose almost entirely their form and limbs; they tide over the winter for the most part in an all but structureless mass, which yet encloses the potentiality of rebuilding in due course the shape and members of the ancestral insect. Slowly new limbs grow out within the protecting chrysalis case, wings bud from the side, and the grub or caterpillar changes by degrees into the totally unlike image of the beetle or butterfly. As soon as warmer weather sets in, the winged forms emerge with the first sunny day from their broken shell. I have seen nettle-butterflies abroad in a spell of genial warmth in the last week of January; a brimstone has been tempted forth to seek his lady-love on St. Valentine's Day, and fritillaries are abundant in early March sunshine. Lesser insects, whose names are enshrined in scientific Latin alone, often emerge from their mummy-cases even earlier than these familiar and conspicuous lepidoptera.

The moment they peep forth, lo and behold! they find the plant world for its part ready decked to greet them. The very same morning that sees the first butterfly and the first bee on the wing sees also the first crocus opening wide its shining cup in the full sun to woo them. The brimstone is no sooner out than the coltsfoot and the celandine and the bulbous buttercup spread their gold to allure him. And has it ever struck you that the plants, no less than the animals, pass through the winter period in the chrysalis condition? This is no mere figurative flower of speech; it is the scientific statement of a real and profound analogy. During the summer months the leaves of the crocus, the tulip, and the hyacinth have been eating and laying by, exactly as the caterpillar did, to provide material for next year's flowering season. When winter blows cold, the leaves die down: the plant, as it were, retires underground into its bulb, like the caterpillar into the cocoon, and there remains, formless and organless, a mere pupa-like potentiality of future buds and blossoms; but when warm weather recurs the bulb once more begins to germinate: it takes fresh form as a vigorous flower-head. Observe, too, that the flowering stem, like the winged stage of the insect, is the sexual epoch of the plant, an avatar told off, as the butterfly by the caterpillar, to

produce the seeds which are the eggs of the species. In each case a certain definite period of time is passed in laying by material, in eating and storing only; then comes a quiescent epoch of rest and rebuilding; and this again is followed by a mature stage of marriage and reproduction. Notice, too, in either instance that the reproductive stage is more beautifully formed and more attractively coloured than the mere accumulative and storing mechanism.

What is thus true of the crocus and of the butterfly is true to a great extent of all plants and animals in temperate or cold climates. They enter every winter into a chrysalis stage, from which in early spring they emerge once more, still more beautiful than before, freshly adorned for the mating and nesting period. Trees lose their leaves, and withdraw their protoplasmic and starchy material in a shapeless mass into the permanent tissues; but they hold it there, ready to manufacture it once more into bright green foliage and tasselled catkins, into blushing apple-blossom or tall spikes of horse-chestnut flower or pink bloom of elms, with the first spring sunshine. Squirrels hibernate; moles sleep away the dead of winter; frogs retire to the depths of ponds; slugs bury themselves in the soil; dormice doze in well-lined crannies among the holes of hazels. Many species only tide over the cold weather, indeed, in the most potential form, as eggs or seeds; they are annuals, like the poppy or the aphides of roses. In such cases the whole race is represented for some months by its germs alone: one generation never sees or knows the existence of another. In other instances, somewhat higher, the species survives as pupa or as bulb, adult, no doubt, though in a relatively formless or indefinite shape, yet ready to come forth full-fledged and perfect at the first faint breath of returning summer. Still other kinds, again, struggle through as mature and fully formed insects or birds or mammals, and as ever-green trees or shrubs, though they live for the most part a life of low grade, and on accumulated materials. Nature is almost dormant in our zone through the winter months; life is then one vast and varied chrysalis.

Prince Lobanoff, who is succeeding the late M. de Giers, had to postpone his departure from Vienna owing to the large number of farewell visits which he had to pay. Great importance is attached to the fulfilment of every detail of diplomatic etiquette, and the ex-Ambassador had, therefore, to guard against wounding the susceptibilities of anyone by omitting to take formal leave of him. There were many members of the Corps Diplomatique at the station to wish Prince Lobanoff "God-speed" on his way to St. Petersburg, where he takes up his arduous and responsible duties.

There seems to be hardly any probability of averting the lock-out in the boot trade at Leicester. Many have offered to act as arbitrators, including Sir Henry James, the borough members, and Mr. Labouchere, but so far there is no disposition to refer the dispute to judges. The introduction of machinery, which is the cause of the trouble, does away with the forty operations which used to be performed by hand-workers in the manufacture of boots. It is claimed, however, that the health of the makers has been greatly improved by the adoption of machines in place of working over gas-jets.



## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CIMIEZ.

Cimiez, which has been chosen for the Queen's spring residence, is a charming but comparatively little-known suburb of Nice. It lies on the slope of a hill a couple of miles behind the town, at an elevation of some 360 ft. above the sea-level. A wide modern boulevard leads from the north-eastern end of the town to the hotel which her Majesty has rented. The road ascends gradually between rows of plane-trees through a well-wooded country, dotted here and there with handsome villas, lying picturesquely embedded in olive groves, and bordered on each side with rose hedges, which in the springtime are a mass of fragrant pink blossom. The hotel itself is a comparatively modern building of three low storeys, lying rather back from the road in an old-fashioned garden with winding walks of bamboos, palms, and eucalyptus, the dark foliage of which is thrown into pleasant relief by clumps of orange-trees, bearing at this time a fragrant combination of white blooms and golden fruit. The exterior aspect of the house is homely in the extreme, the only feature which breaks the long line of green-shuttered windows being an open porch of several columns, overgrown with ivy and heliotrope. It faces due south, but the rooms which are to be prepared for the Queen's occupation are situated to the north and west; these, when ready for her reception, will be of very fair size, as walls are being thrown down and everything completely rearranged. Her Majesty will have, as usual, a drawing-room, dining-room, and bed-room for her own private use; the walls coloured in distemper, and all the furniture being brought from Windsor. The suite will consist of sixty persons, but the old-fashioned furniture in the other parts of the house will not be materially altered. The rooms to the north at the farther end of the hotel are to be prepared for the Queen's Indian attendants, who will, of course, have a special kitchen. There is no lift in the hotel, and the Queen will be carried in a chair to her apartments on the first floor up a wide easy staircase. The stables are at the back, and are to be materially improved and enlarged for the accommodation of her Majesty's carriages and donkey-chair. A few equipages and horses will be brought from England, including, of



Photo by Giletta, Nice.

THE MONASTERY OF CIMIEZ.

course, Jocko, the Queen's donkey—which, by the way, was purchased in Scotland and not at Grasse, as is generally supposed—but the majority of the carriages, etc., required by the suite will come from a livery stable in Nice. The rent to be paid is £1500, and the contract stipulates for a stay of thirty-five days, beginning in the

middle of March, so that the Queen will have the opportunity, should she desire it, of witnessing the last Battle of Flowers at Nice, which takes place in mid-Lent, on March 21. The Municipality appears fully alive to the benefit which the Queen's visit will confer on the town, and the Mayor has announced that he will not only



Photo by Giletta, Nice.

GRAND HÔTEL DE CIMIEZ, OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN.



improve the approaches to the hotel, but will also have the boulevard and gardens lighted with gas up to the door. In the interior of the house, oil-lamps and candles alone will be used.

The view from the hotel is superb, embracing the whole coast to the Esterel Mountains. Nice lies spread out below, with its castle hill standing up dark and rugged, dividing the port from the modern town. To the east is the coast line, with the promontory and ancient town of Antibes, and far away on the horizon the isles of Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, which lie in front of Cannes. To the north and east is a splendid vista of mountains, and the snow-capped peaks of some of the higher Maritime Alps, with the villages of Falicon and the deserted Château Neuf crowning the summits of two of the nearer hills, and the bald crest of the Mont Chauve in the middle distance. The hotel is surrounded on three sides by the splendid grounds of the Villa Liserb, now occupied by the Earl of Ducie; of the Villa Coleman, let to Colonel Temple West; and of the Villas Monterey, Ste. Anne, and Von Derwies. The proprietor of the latter—to call it by its proper name, the Château Val Rose—is having paths made at his own expense to connect his grounds with those of the hotel, and most of the other proprietors round are doing the same thing; the town is responsible for other private paths, so that when all the works are finished, the Queen will have an entirely private drive of nearly six miles in length. The difficulty about the new electric tramway, which passes at the side of the hotel, has been overcome by the directors undertaking that the cars shall not run whenever the Queen is taking a drive in the grounds. The drainage of the buildings is to be thoroughly overhauled at the expense of the proprietor, and extensive works have already been commenced; a private laundry is also to be installed for the convenience of the royal household, and every measure is to be taken to ensure the most absolute privacy for the Queen during her stay.

To the east of the hotel are some interesting remains of a Roman amphitheatre, through which the high road passes. The ruins are in fair preservation, and testify to the wealth and importance of the old Roman settlement of Cemenelum, which formerly occupied this site. The amphitheatre is calculated to have held seven thousand persons, so that the town must have been a large and flourishing one. Further to the left are the remains of Roman baths, and in the walls of a peasant's cottage may be traced the remnants of a Temple of Apollo; beyond lies the

ancient monastery built on the site of a Temple of Diana; this is one of the most charming views in the neighbourhood. In front of the church is a wide space, faced by three giant holm oaks, of a size and age not generally seen in these

The neighbourhood of Nice is particularly rich in drives little known to the ordinary visitor. In the valley of the Paillon is the curious petrifying grotto of St. André, and towards Italy many interesting excursions are



GRAND HÔTEL DE CIMIEZ.

*Photo by Giletta, Nice.*

parts, and containing also a marble column, surmounted by a representation of the crucified seraph seen in a dream by St. Francis, the whole a marvellously perfect survival of fourteenth-century art. It is said to have occupied a position in the market-place of Nice until the Revolution of 1798, when it was thrown down, and the fragments restored and re-erected on their present site some time afterwards.

to be made to the famous shrine of the Madonna of Laghetto; to the old village of La Turbie, with its ruins of Augustus' tower and its matchless views over Monaco and the Italian coast; to the rock-perched Eyrie of Eze, with its memories of the days of Saracen piracy; and to many another quaint old spot on the famous Corniche road, whence one may view Nature in her most varied aspect.

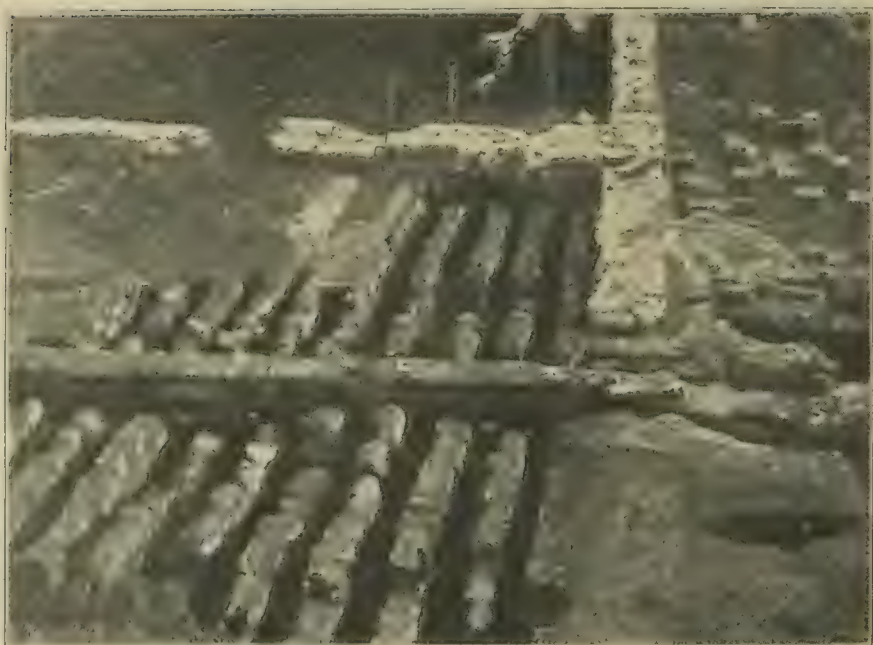


ROMAN REMAINS AT CIMIEZ.

*Photo by Giletta, Nice.*



## THE ROMAN VILLA RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT DARENTH, KENT.

*From Photographs by E. C. Youens, Dartford.*

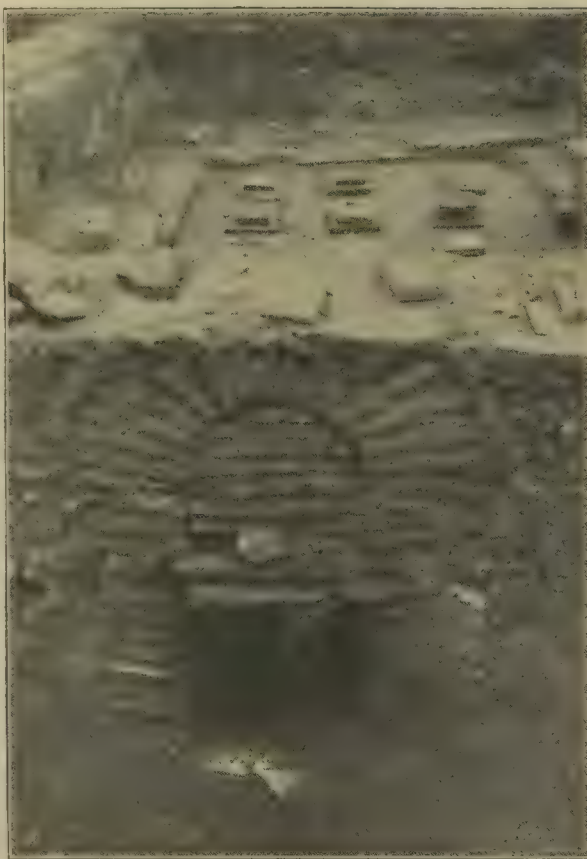
HYPOCAUST WITH CHALK BLOCKS, LOOKING EAST.



WALL DIVIDING THE SWIMMING-BATH.

Thanks to the enthusiastic labours of Mr. E. Arnott Clowes and Mr. George Payne, and the liberal support of Mrs. Hoare and Mr. Marchant, the largest specimen of a Roman villa hitherto discovered in England has been excavated at Darenth. The field in which the villa is situated lies about two miles and a half from Dartford station. Not far off is the parish church of South Darenth, while the river Darenth runs only fifty yards from the spot. At the end of November last several Roman tiles were noticed on the surface of the field by Mr. Clowes and Mr. Marchant, who, with the concurrence of the tenant, proceeded to dig in the interests of archæology. About a foot of earth had been removed when they were rewarded by many signs of remains. First the pavement of a portico was revealed, next the tessellated floor of the atrium, then the baths, in an excellent state of preservation, and so on, till the foundations of what must have been a fine Roman villa were disclosed. On the advice of Sir Wollaston Franks further excavations have since been undertaken by Mr. George Payne, the well-known Rochester antiquary, who is to be congratulated on this his (literally) new field of labour.

Within an area of half an acre a quadrangular building is now laid bare, its outer walls, two feet thick, being made of flint nodules set in mortar and faced with plaster. The five or six hypocausts, or heating-chambers, testify to the desire of the owner of the villa to retain in England the warmth of Italy. The system of flues is in first-rate preservation. The walls of the various rooms have colours so fresh and bright that it is difficult to believe that the artists of



STOKE-HOLE OF A HYPOCAUST.

them must have died at least fifteen centuries ago. Two of the rooms are paved with tesserae of red bricks in excellent condition. Among the general objects which have been found are spear-heads, wood-turning tools, knives, rings, bangles, and keys. Several coins of Trajan, Tetricus, Constantine the Great, Antoninus Pius, Hadrian, Domitian, Valens, and other periods, have also been discovered in the ruins. Roman window-glass, stained in brilliant tints, testifies to the fact that the villa was lighted with coloured windows. A small bell, very similar in shape to the kind with which pets are decorated, was found, curiously enough, inside the skull of a dog. A fan is another curious reminder of the fashionable life which once existed within these crumbling walls. As the excavators are continuing their painstaking work, there is every reason to anticipate still further additions to the list of treasures. Those who have seen the Roman villa at Brading, in the Isle of Wight, have now an opportunity of interesting comparison, especially as the villa at Darenth is planned on a larger scale and was evidently inhabited by a more opulent owner. A large number of visitors have travelled from London to Darenth, where one is once more reminded of the contributions to history and folk-lore which lie buried in the earth awaiting the investigation of the antiquary. As page by page of the history of the past is revealed in such discoveries, our knowledge of art, and even of domestic economy, ought to grow clearer. They certainly should have a humbling effect upon modern inventors, who have the mortification of seeing that their ideas were anticipated hundreds of years ago.



REMAINS OF HYPOCAUSTS OF ROOMS ADJOINING THE BATHS.



HYPOCAUST CONSTRUCTED WITH FLUE-TILES.



ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN  
SCIENTIFIC MEN.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Few things are more uninvited by men of letters than patronising notice from scientific gentlemen. I have long observed a certain air of superiority among people connected with physical science, for which I profess myself unable to account. When it was first suggested that Sir Philip Francis was the author of Junius's "Letters," an acquaintance observed, "He was always devilish proud of something; I never could guess of what."

Nor can I guess what Mr. C. J. Minot is "devilish proud of" when (in an article on "The Psychical Comedy," in the *North American Review*) he remarks, "Literary training sets limits to the faculties." That scientific training does not, in Mr. Minot's case, prevent the faculties from being strangely limited is what I am about to demonstrate.

Here one should first make two observations: (1) I do not say that Mr. Minot's "literary men" of the Psychical Society are in the right. I only criticise his way of proving that they are in the wrong. (2) Although I think his essay is remarkable for the suppression of essential facts, and for the assertion of facts demonstrably incorrect, I do not dream of impugning Mr. Minot's controversial good faith. Indeed, I am no believer in the existence of unfair controversialists. If Mr. Minot suppresses facts which I think essential, it is because he deems them accidental and trivial. If he makes incorrect assertions, it is by defect of intelligence, of knowledge, or of memory. Mr. Minot's position (p. 229) is that "psychical research has not demonstrated either telepathy or the reality of ghosts." As to the "reality" of ghosts, Mr. Minot maintains that the society "claims telepathy and phantasms as objective realities" (p. 221).

Here, on a pure matter of verifiable fact, I must dissent from Mr. Minot. The society claims objective reality for phantasms! In truth the society officially terms all phantasms "hallucinations." And one of its leaders, the late Mr. Gurney, defined an hallucination as "a percept which lacks, but which can only by distinct reflection be recognised as lacking, the objective basis which it suggests." Thus the precise opposite of Mr. Minot's statement is true, as far as Mr. Gurney represented the society.

But perhaps Mr. Myers calls phantasms "objective realities." So much the reverse, that when a lady says she has been grasped by a phantasm, Mr. Myers writes "the grasp, of course, is itself an hallucination." How, then, can Mr. Minot make the assertion which he does make? Obviously by defect of knowledge, intelligence, or memory.

Turning to telepathy (the action of one mind on another, by no known or ascertained channel of sense), Mr. Minot says, "The results have become negative." Rightly or wrongly, that is not the opinion of his opponents. But they are mere "literary men," and only illustrate the limitations of literary men. Yet, as a matter of fact, they are *not* literary men, and literary men only! A considerable number of men of science—physicists, physicians, French, English, German, and so on—are believers in "telepathy," and are satisfied that their own experiments have produced affirmative results. Mr. Minot asserts that the thing is a failure, made by literary men. He does not mention the scientific men at all, though they are more numerous than the men of letters. This seems to myself to be an omission of an essential truth.

Mr. Minot alleges that the fact of telepathy was first proclaimed on evidence consisting "chiefly in a series of tests with the C. family." Now, "it has since turned out that these children did have a system of signalling, which, though very simple and of a kind likely to be noticed, none of the committee did notice, so that they were not expert enough to exclude deception." We have thus "the proof from the collapse of the case that the English observers have been inattentive and unobservant."

*Très bien!* But who did discover the fraud? Why, "the English observers"! It was they who found out that when one sister was to think, and another sister was to discover what she was thinking about, the young people behaved like Frank Punter, as described by Barry Lyndon. "The English observers," having discovered the code, found that *they* could work thought-reading as cleverly as the young impostors. But the experiments on which they had laid stress were those in which two of the sisters were *not* employed, one to think and one to guess, and so their code was of no service.

These are essential facts, I think, but Mr. Minot clearly does not think so, for he totally suppresses them. I submit that a discovery of fraud by an English observer is not a proof of inattention. To myself a practical conjurer

seems a better judge of such feats than even a man of scientific training. So thought the late Mr. Davey, who, by dint of conjuring in the interests of Mr. Minot's opponents, did all the slate-writing tricks, and took people in with them. His object was to show the inadequacy of ordinary observation.

Having acquired this art, he still, though he has been dead for some years, carries on the practice, according to Mr. Minot. "He does very wonderful feats," says that critic (p. 225).

Mr. Davey has long been in his grave, and his *modus* was published, years ago, after his decease, in the "Proceedings" of the S.P.R. I conceive, therefore, that Mr. Minot is, again, either ignorant of his subject, or slightly credulous, for Mr. Davey's performances, now, would veritably be "spiritualistic." I prefer greatly to hold that Mr. Minot is merely ignorant. But, as the Society had to learn by experience; as it promptly discovered and discounted the errors of its "green unknowing youth"; as it employed Mr. Davey for the very purpose of ascertaining and illustrating the fallibility of human observation; as its spokesmen constantly dilate on the difficulties of "sustained attention," I suggest that they have shown (what Mr. Minot desires) "self-renunciation in the presence of a fact," and a disagreeable



SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, G.C.M.G.,  
GOVERNOR OF CAPE COLONY AND IMPERIAL HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by Sassano.

fact! They have been gulled long ago, they have said so, and, like Mr. Stevenson's hero, "they hope to do better." Here, surely, is the "humility" which Mr. Minot desires to find!

We have heard Mr. Minot say that his opponents maintain phantasms to be "objective realities," and we have seen that here he is in error. But some of his opponents do hold that a phantasm may occasionally be caused by the action of one mind on another. The evidence is a vast mass of narratives commonly called "ghost stories."

Mr. Minot says that there are two scientific methods of studying such materials: the psychological and the ethnological. Both methods, he says, were neglected. "The psychologist would at once tabulate the results: determine the proportion of phantasms seen by men and women, their relation to the age of the percipient, the time of day, etc." When Mr. Minot suggested this to Mr. Gurney, Mr. Gurney replied that "it was not worth while."

This is odd, because, to a great extent, what Mr. Minot asks for has been done by the S.P.R. They have done it in "Proceedings," Part XXVI., Vol. X., and have been laughed at for the very pains which Mr. Minot wished Mr. Gurney to take. They have tabulated the proportion of phantasms seen by members of either sex. They have declined evidence from persons under a certain age. They have rejected, for analytic purposes, cases connected with sickness, grief, anxiety; they have tabulated the proportions and ratios of visions "indoors," "out of doors," "in

bed," "immediately after waking," "unstated," and so on, while all attainable details have been recorded. If tabulation is of any use, verily we have it.

Is Mr. Minot ignorant of these facts? The tables may be inadequate, but they are not non-existent. Why does not Mr. Minot mention their existence? The labour has occupied some years, naturally, and I infer that Mr. Minot must have written his article before the tabulations and analyses were published, in the autumn of 1894. Consequently he knew not of their existence.

There remains the ethnological method. Mr. Minot appeals to "the ethnologist's explanation of contemporary phantasms"; but what is that explanation?

Say that I see a person well known to me, mention the fact, and then find that he was not present. Say that a mistake in identity, or an illusion of sense, is excluded by circumstances. Here we have a "contemporary phantasm." But, to the literary mind, it seems that the physician or the psychologist, or both, must explain the phantasm if they can. The ethnologist has no more to do with it than the conchologist. He can only explain the interpretation which I am supposed to put upon the phantasm—namely, that the owner of the phantasm is dead. *This* he explains by saying that my savage ancestors held the same theory. But why did my savage ancestors hold it? The ethnologist does not know, nor do I. My humble purpose is served if I have shown that literary training is not alone in limiting the faculties. The faculties exercised by Mr. Minot, in what he here asserts and in what he here omits (I myself omit a great deal of his article) seem to me to have been limited—somehow.

## SIR HERCULES ROBINSON.

One strong man succeeds another as Governor of Cape Colony and Imperial High Commissioner for South Africa. When Sir Henry Loch's term of office expires, the Right Hon. Sir Hercules George Robert Robinson, G.C.M.G., will fill the important office of which he has had already some years' experience. Sir Hercules is the second son of Admiral Robinson, of Rosmead, county Westmeath, and passed his seventieth birthday last December. After education at Sandhurst, he entered the Army, and served as lieutenant in the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. Retiring in 1846, he joined the Irish Civil Service for a while. At the age of thirty he became President of Montserrat, then for four years he was Lieutenant-Governor of St. Kitts; next he held the consecutive Governorships of Hong Kong, Ceylon, New South Wales, and New Zealand. In Hong Kong he succeeded Sir John Bowring, who wrote more than one notable hymn, but whose name is chiefly remembered in connection with the lorch *Arrow*. In 1874 Sir Hercules went to the Fiji Islands, where there had been considerable disturbance. He accepted the unconditional cession of the islands, and annexing them to the British Government, hoisted the Queen's flag. He supervised the Provisional Government until it had got into working order. In the Governorship of New Zealand, to which he was next appointed, he followed the Marquis of Normanby, and remained there for eighteen months. In 1881 he went out to South Africa, which was then embroiled in war, and for eight years laboured wisely and effectively. He presided over the Royal Commission which drew up the first Transvaal Convention, and the subsequent Convention of 1884 owed much to his initiative. Another delicate duty fell to him in 1886, when he was appointed High Commissioner to Mauritius, where there had been an unprofitable difference of opinion between the Governor, the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, and the Colonial Secretary, the late Mr. Clifford Lloyd. Sir Hercules solved the difficulty by advising the temporary suspension of the Governor, who ultimately was restored to his office. Knighthood was bestowed on him in 1859; he became K.C.M.G. in 1869, and G.C.M.G. in 1874. That real distinction, membership of the Privy Council, was conferred on Sir Hercules in 1883, and four years ago her Majesty created him a baronet. Lady Robinson, whom he married in 1846, is the fifth daughter of the tenth Viscount Valentia. The appointment comes at an opportune moment to strengthen the general growth of constitutional government in Africa.

Sir Hercules Robinson will leave England about the middle of May to take up his new duties. During the interval between the departure of Sir Henry Loch and the arrival of his successor, the administration will be in the capable hands of General Goodenough. Much useful work for the State has been done by Sir Hercules and his brothers, one of whom, Sir William C. F. Robinson, is the popular and accomplished Governor of West Australia, who possesses an unusual talent for music. And that more valuable service may be rendered to the British Empire by this far-seeing Irishman is the hope of all admirers of Sir Hercules Robinson.





THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: LANDING OF JAPANESE TROOPS AT SHAN TUNG PROMONTORY.

From a Sketch by Mr. F. C. Hulse, R.N.

The British fleet was at Chefoo when word was brought that the Japanese Third Army Corps had re-embarked, and was about to effect a landing at some other port on the coast. Accordingly the British ships proceeded to Chemulpo; the "Edinboro" next came with the tidings that about thirty thousand Japanese were landing at Shan Tung Promontory, having the intention of attacking Wei-kai-Wei in the rear by land. There were about twenty-three battle-ships, gun-boats, and torpedo-boats cruising about. The subsequent news which has reached this country is an interesting sequel to this picture.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"He could not have broken his neck at a more favourable opportunity," chuckles Lord Lilburne in Lytton's "Night and Morning," when he learns that Beaufort has been killed by a fall from his horse. Ismail Pasha did not see fit to oblige in that way; the news of his death came twelve hours after I had written my weekly column, so I was obliged to defer recording my recollections of him. Luckily, they would keep; they would not have been suitable as a funeral oration. I did not feel very comfortable with him in spite of his quasi-fluent French, and the awkward feeling I experienced at our first interview remained the same in the last, which took place about eight years ago at Edward's Hotel in George Street, Hanover Square. In spite of the European dress, all but the fez, I could never divest myself of the idea that I was not talking to some date-seller in Cairo or Alexandria, bent upon "doing me."

reader, though, that if I or my paper had wanted anything from him, we should not have had it, for in spite of his extravagance where his pleasures were concerned, he was mean to a degree. While I was talking to him, a contributor to one of the most influential papers in Paris was shown in. "I have come to show you the proof of the article about which I consulted your Highness last night," said the visitor, handing Ismail the slips.

The ex-Khedive cast his eyes over the proofs. "Yes," he said after a little while; "that will do very well." Thereupon the journalist took an envelope from his pocket and gave it to Ismail. "I don't understand," was the remark. "I don't owe your paper three thousand francs." "That's the price of the insertion," replied the visitor. Then Ismail got into a rage. "You expect me to give you three thousand francs to fill your paper with copy about me," he roared; "but you ought to pay me. Tell your editor to go to the devil."

"And, in fact," Lesseps went on, "another dromedary was brought round, a magnificent animal; but it was restive and savage, and no sooner did it have its load on its back than it began to scamper about. Five minutes afterwards my beautiful service was in shreds, but Ismail laughed like a madman. He had selected the dromedary beforehand, knowing full well what it would do. He could not bear to see me enjoy his present while his service was gone. The dog in the manger, my dear fellow. That's what Ismail has always been, is, and always will be."

The Rev. Henry Sutton, who has accepted the living of Aston, with its enormous population of more than forty thousand, is one of the best-known clergymen in the ranks of the Evangelical party. For the last eight years he has been Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, but prior to that he had been for several years central secretary of the Church Missionary Society, a position which brought him into touch with the work of the Church in all parts of the



Japanese War-ship Shelling the Hills.

H.M.S. "Aeolus."

Japanese Cruiser and Torpedo-boats.

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: ATTACK ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

From a Sketch by Mr. James Fuller, H.M.S. "Aeolus."

During my stay in Paris as the correspondent of a London paper, I had occasion to see him six or seven times, notably in '84 or '85, when, instigated by Ferry, he contemplated taking steps with the English Government to oust his son Tewfik. "I am going to London in a few days," he said to me one night at the Grand Hotel, where he was staying. "How do you think this will do?" he added suddenly, taking a brand-new top hat from a box and exchanging it for his far more becoming headgear. "Ferry says I should not go to London in a fez, it's too Oriental. He recommended me to his latter, and the pig has charged me forty francs for this thing. I suspect Ferry has a commission on it."

That was the ruling idea of the man—suspicion of everyone, great or little, in every relation of life, from the pettiest to the most important: "What do you think you ought to have, and what will your paper accept for working the oracle?" he asked me that same evening. I told him that neither I nor the paper I represented had the least intention of working the oracle, that I had simply come to ask his intentions. He looked at me with his eyes shining like carbuncles, and then he laughed. "That's very wonderful," he said. Let me remind the

Neither the editor nor the paper went to the devil, but two days afterwards there appeared a stinger about Ismail. I do not defend the paper, I only wish to point out that Ismail knew or guessed that some journals had their price, and led them to believe that he would pay it. He generally broke his word at the last moment and tried to get out of his implied bargain.

It is but a hackneyed truism to say that Ismail was an Oriental to his finger-tips, but as Lesseps once said to me, "He is more Oriental than any Oriental I have ever known." And then he told me the following story: "During the building of the Suez Canal, Ismail ordered two Sèvres breakfast services and gave me one. In a little while his was broken to pieces, for unless great care is taken, that kind of commodity does not stand being transported on a camel's back day after day, and we were travelling a good deal. 'How do you manage to keep your service whole?' he asked. 'In a very simple way, your Highness. I look to its packing myself.' Next day, after we were on the march, Ismail said, 'They have just told me that your dromedary is completely done up, that it cannot go a step further. I have told them to load your things on another one.'

country. The experience he then gained was a most valuable one, and his work for the Church Missionary Society, with which he still maintains close relations, was in every way successful. But it is, perhaps, as the parish priest that he has won his laurels. In his younger days—he is now about sixty—he worked first as curate in a country parish, and afterwards as vicar of two parishes in succession (with a short break, during which he had charge of a parish in the Isle of Man) in Liverpool. It was in 1887 that he went to Bordesley, and no one who has ever seen his crowded congregation on a Sunday night, numbering from 1200 to 1500 people, will question his popularity with his parishioners. The district is a populous one, but the parish is in every way well worked. Organisation is one of Mr. Sutton's strong points, and he has not been afraid to trust his lay workers. He is a refined and cultured preacher, with a keen knowledge of human nature. His sermons are never dull, and he has the rare power of touching the emotions of his people without in any way detracting from the dignity of his discourse. A man of strong sympathies, he endears himself to all with whom he comes in contact. The work before him at Aston is arduous, and might well daunt a man of his age.



## LITERATURE.

## LOVE OF NATURE IN CANADA.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

*Pearls and Pebbles; or, Notes of an Old Naturalist.* By Catherine Parr Traill. With biographical sketch by Mary Agnes Fitzgibbon. (Toronto: William Briggs).—This book is a pleasant record of a very long life.—Mrs. Traill is now over ninety years of age—passed in what the writer calls the backwoods of Canada. Backwoods they were when she came to them, but the peopled district of Ontario, with its smiling villages and homesteads, in which she lives, might now regard the name as an affront. Her delight has been the observation of nature, the fruits of which, gathered into this volume, form a sort of Canadian counterpart to White's "Selborne."

In the course of her life Mrs. Traill has seen changes. Looking to her diary of 1839, she finds notes of things that struck her in the first years of her sojourn in her forest home, but which now she seldom or never sees. Many of the plants and birds and wild creatures, once common, have disappeared before the march of civilisation. Her memory probably reaches back almost to the days when bears were seen in the neighbourhood of the populous and wealthy capital of Ontario, where you would now be as likely to see a mastodon. It certainly reaches back to the time when the air was annually darkened by migratory flocks of wild pigeons, which have now totally disappeared. If she were an inhabitant of the Canadian North-West she need not be a nonagenarian to remember herds of buffalo covering several square miles. Twenty years ago or less such herds could be seen. Now, with the exception of a few specimens preserved in the Yellowstone Park, the animal is extinct. It was ruthlessly massacred for its hide; but even this seems hardly to account for so complete and sudden a catastrophe.

Canada is a big word. In the Dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are many gradations of climate, with corresponding varieties of fauna and flora. Quebec,

gorgeous plumage is that of the oriole, which Mrs. Traill describes as "a flash of glorious colour darting past her." Most of the birds migrate in winter, leaving the landscape void of bird-life. None of them can be said to sing—a pleasant chirp is their best melody. But the motion of a humming-bird, as it poises over a flower, is an equivalent for the song of the nightingale. The bird which Canada, in fond remembrance of England, calls the robin, though red-breasted, is no robin, but somewhat larger than a thrush. With one feathered memento of England Canada would gladly dispense. The English sparrow was imported to kill the caterpillars in the trees of American cities. This, it seems, he has failed to do. But he has multiplied exceedingly and become such a pest in the United States as to provoke penal legislation. Finding his food in the streets, he can live through the winter without migration, and he supplants the native and more beautiful birds. Mrs. Traill gallantly defends his moral character against the charge of predacity; but she will hardly make him popular.

Besides her natural history and her pictures of scenery Mrs. Traill has some interesting recollections of settler life. These reminiscences are growing scarce, and should be gathered before they fade.

## "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

*Spenser's "Faerie Queene."* Edited by T. J. Wise. With illustrations by Walter Crane. Parts I.-III. (London: George Allen.)—The completion of the first book of the "Faerie Queene" in the really gorgeous (it is a genuine Elizabethan word and not displaced) edition which Mr. Allen has enlisted Mr. Walter Crane to produce, gives a better opportunity of estimating it than the first part alone could afford. After the fashion of true lovers in all cases, the lovers of Spenser do not love him best for this book or that, but "for all." Still, the first has certainly not much in point of charm to concede to any of the others. Una, the House of Pride, and the Cave of Despair, to name only three—and three very different things—not only display the poet, but give opportunity to the painter about as well as any such things can do. One sometimes wonders whether Spenser—child at once of the Middle Ages and the

Renaissance as he was—realised the extent to which in the great procession of the Sins he had both out-gone his masters and made it impossible for anyone to follow him; and it is certain that, however one may be bound *par amours* to more than one heroine of mediæval romance, there is something more in Una, as in her sisters black and white that were to follow—in Britomart, in Florimel, even in Hellenore—

## A LONDON LETTER.

There is a general suspicion abroad that people only read the newest novels, and so it is interesting to discover that there are enterprising publishers who believe there is a public for fiction of an earlier generation. This is particularly exemplified by the new series of Defoe and Smollett. Messrs. Dent and Co. have just published three out of a coming sixteen-volume series of Defoe's works. These three volumes contain "Robinson Crusoe," and a daintier edition has not in our time been issued. The same remark applies to the Smollett, which Messrs. Gibings have commenced with "Roderick Random." It is hoped that the publishers will not fail to print "Peregrine Pickle" from the first edition, as the book was considerably curtailed and modified in later issues.

I cannot share with the *Athenæum* a disposition to rejoice over the fact that Professor Knight is to edit the sixteen-volume Wordsworth which is to appear in Messrs. Macmillan's "Eversley Series." That there is room for a nicely printed and handy Wordsworth in many volumes is true, although most of his prose, I fear, will seem sadly out of date to-day. But is Professor Knight the best man to deal with it? I have seen a copy of his Library Edition of Wordsworth—a book which, by the way, may be easily picked up at half the published price—in which the pencilled corrections of the text were as the sand on the sea-shore for number. The collation of Wordsworth, and notes on his various readings, is one of the most interesting studies in modern literature, but I imagine that Canon Ainger, Professor Dowden, or Mr. Dykes Campbell would have done it very much more effectively than Professor Knight.

Sir Walter Scott's repeated denial that he was the author of the Waverley Novels has often been ranked among the legitimate casualties of life. He considered that, the books being published anonymously, no one had any right to pry into the question of their authorship—a view still held, I think, by the author of "Alice in Wonderland," and the creator of Mark Rutherford; but I had no idea that Sir Walter Scott had ever carried his contradiction of the authorship to so startling a length as would appear from a letter I discovered a day or two ago in a comparatively unknown book about the great Magician. This book is entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North," by B. S. Naylor, and was published at Amsterdam in 1833. It contains the following letter, which needs no comment—

"To Mr. Defauconpret, London.

"Sir,—I am favoured with your letter, which proceeds on the erroneous supposition that I am the author of 'Waverley' and the other novels and tales which you have translated into French. But as this proceeds on a mistake, though a very general one, I have no title whatever either to become a party to any arrangement in which that Author or his Works may be concerned, or to accept the very handsome compliment which you design for him.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very obedient servant,"

"Edinburgh, 15 April, 1826." "WALTER SCOTT."

The *Daily Chronicle*, I understand, proposes to carry on its series of illustrations from time to time.

Mr. Stead has been writing to the *Westminster Gazette* to complain that Mr. Eason, the well-known Dublin news-agent, has interdicted the last number of the *Review of Reviews*, on account of its lengthy note on Mr. Grant Allen's book "The Woman Who Did," which book Mr. Eason considers immoral. With the controversy between Mr. Stead and Mr. Eason I have nothing to do, but there is one amusing passage in Mr. Eason's letter to Mr. Stead. "Grant Allen," writes the newsagent, "is not much heard of in Ireland. The laudations you pronounce on him as a writer, so far as we know him, appear wholly unmerited." This has a distinctly pathetic touch by the light of the fact that Mr. Grant Allen has been telling us for years that all the good things that have come out of Great Britain have been due to the Celts, and that it is to the Celts that we owe all our best authors, all our best books, and indeed everything that has made us what we are. In Mr. Grant Allen's gospel the mere Saxon is nowhere, and yet the most authoritative person, perhaps, on the subject who could be brought as a witness tells us that Mr. Allen is scarcely known in Ireland.

C. K. S.

## SEA-MAGIC.

The children talk in the firelight,  
The mother sits and hears;  
Her lips have a hint of smiling,  
Her eyes a thought of tears.

With tears and smiles together  
She hears the children say  
How this by way of the heather,  
And that by way of the bay,

Will leave the small safe haven  
Wherein the children thrive;  
Shut in by sea and mountain  
Into a nest of love.

She smiles to hear their dreaming  
Of what each one will do,  
Over the mountains gleaming,  
Out on the waters blue.

But over the mist grows thicker  
When Hugh, the sailor, tells  
Of the sea-king's cave of coral,  
And pearls and diamond shells,

Of the golden deep-sea weather,  
And galleons sunk of yore;  
She thinks on his long-drowned father:  
Her eyes can see no more.

KATHARINE TYNAN.



From Spenser's "Faerie Queene." (London: George Allen.)

where the winter is very cold, clear, and steady, so that the ringing of the sleigh-bells is almost unceasingly heard, differs from the Lake region, which is moister and milder, and that, again, differs from the prairie region and the Pacific Slope. But in Ontario, where Mrs. Traill writes, the year is made up of a hot and rather short summer, which ripens the paragon of apples; a beautiful autumn, with gorgeous sunsets; a long and somewhat grim winter, in which no green thing is seen but the sombre pine; and a spring which is not so much a season in itself as a sudden break-up of winter, and a rush of everything into bud, leaf, and blade. The burst of spring life after the long winter is charming. The winter used to be calm—such, at least, is the tradition—but the clearing away of the forests has exposed the country to the wind, and Ontario the other day enjoyed a first-rate blizzard.

Ontario possesses the finer half of Niagara. This is the gem for her scenery. Lake Ontario is an inland sea with low shores. The St. Lawrence is a royal river running between high banks; whereas the Mississippi spreads over great flats of mud. The district in which Mrs. Traill lives round Lakfield has some pretty lake scenery. Still more has Muskoka, the summer resort of the wealthy Torontonians, who dot the shores and islands of its lakes with cottages in which they enjoy a relief from business and civilisation. Unfortunately, the lakes have all flat shores. Their beauty consists in their numberless islets, their clear waters, and their woods. The beauty of the woods is very often marred by the great forest fires, which leave a track of charred poles.

Of the trees of Ontario the elm is the queen. It is more graceful than the common English elm, inclining rather in shape to the weeping-elm. The pine, which grows to a great height, has a somewhat melancholy dignity of its own, especially when it stands alone, a survival of the primeval wilderness. The oak and the chestnut grow fast; but, owing perhaps to the shortness of the growing season, do not attain the size or age of the English trees. Ontario could not have furnished Tennyson with his "Talking Oak." With the autumnal brilliancy of Canadian woods England is acquainted through the works of Canadian artists and the specimens of foliage which the English visitor seldom fails to carry away.

Mrs. Traill expatiates with delight on the wild flowers. Some of them are brilliant. Yet Mrs. Traill would hardly say that they matched the beds of wild hyacinths beneath the beech-woods of the Thames, or even the masses of English primrose, the daffodils, and the foxgloves; nor have they the scent of the English violet. There is no rival to the English may or the Scotch heather. We speak of Ontario. The wild flowers of the prairie are glorious.

To the birds Mrs. Traill has paid special attention. Ontario has some brilliant birds, such as the oriole, the bluejay, the scarlet tanager, the woodpecker, the wild canary, and, loveliest of all, the humming-bird. The most

than there is in any of the gracious shadows of the elder time. But the Cave of Despair is, perhaps, the favourite with the most and best judges of the show pieces in the First Book, and the Cave of Despair belongs to the third of these parts. Never in English poetry (though Spenser had to a certain extent given the keynote of its music) had any strain sounded like that which the "damned wight" addressed to the Red Cross Knight enfeebled with Duessa's captivity: never, perhaps, had anything at all like it been put in verse in any language since Lucretius. A vulgar "maker" would have made his knight triumphant over the spell. Spenser knew better, and Una's rescue just in time has to be supplemented by the House of Holiness, which (for a wonder) is not inferior to the former passages.

Mr. Crane has not been unequal to these great opportunities. The encadrements of his full-page plates, though likely to be overlooked by a hasty, will perhaps be first looked to by a careful reader; and that of the Cave of Despair, which serves as frontispiece to the Third Part, is as good as, if not even better than, the framework of the picture of Lucifer in the Second. Despair (a very Blake-like person) is good too. Mr. Crane has shown judgment in not making him too grotesque. The canto frontispiece to the House of Holiness, with its enframing virtues, is appropriately devised more in the style of window-painting than anything previously given, and an exceedingly good design for a window it would be. But as a composition, the third full-page plate of the third number, which depicts the occupations of Charissa, is perhaps the best—a sentence which does not imply disrespect to the Fight with the Dragon or to the betrothal of the Knight and Una, or to the canto headings and tail-pieces throughout. And there may be some who will not take least pleasure in the apparatus provided, for that binding of each book in a book which this edition invites and deserves, in a series of title, half-title, imprint, end-piece, and so forth, which leaves nothing to desire. It is not only suitable, it is very much and distinctly to be desired, that the books should be kept apart; for each, despite the general connection, is complete in itself, and deserves at least so much isolation as is provided by the frame in a series of pictures. Moreover, the single books even in this stately quarto form will not make cumbrous volumes; while the ample space allotted enables the peculiar beauty of the Spenserian stanza to unfold itself and be enjoyed after a fashion impossible when, as in the ordinary editions, ten or a dozen such stanzas are crowded on a page. Of course the ideal thing would be to have Spenser actually illuminated—to catch your artist, buy much vellum, and shut the two up together till something like the wonderful works of old were produced. But in default of this the present issue provides as good a substitute as can reasonably be expected.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.





A DAUGHTER OF SPRING.

*By J. Popp.*





A STREET CONJURER IN ALGIERS.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A series of most interesting lectures on the physiology of respiration was lately delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons by Dr. W. Spencer. Several important conclusions regarding the breathing functions were drawn by the lecturer, and as they may possess for my readers the merit at once of interest and novelty, I propose to quote some of the more salient points touched upon in the course of the prelections. Our breathing is regulated by a special nervous centre or sub-office, and it is interesting to note some of the conditions which affect this centre for its weal or its woe. For instance, if the air we breathe contains an excess of carbonic acid gas (amounting to 3.5 per cent.) breathing is increased in rapidity and intensity, and when 5.5 per cent. of this gas is present in the air, the respiration has to be as deep as possible, and goes on at double the normal rate. The former amount represents about the quantity of carbonic acid given forth from our lungs. When the carbonic acid is mixed with oxygen to form an atmosphere in which the oxygen itself has not been diminished, about 7 per cent. of carbonic acid can be breathed for a time without harm. This is because the increased breathing really introduces a sufficiency of oxygen.

When oxygen is increased, the failure of the breathing centre is stimulated; but when the blood passing through the centre is increased slightly in its temperature, stimulation of the breathing is very marked. The effect of work is to increase the breathing movements, and to keep the amounts of oxygen and carbonic acid natural. The lactic acid produced by muscular work is found to act as a marked stimulant to the breathing centre. When we inquire into the conditions which depress the breathing movements, we find such causes as a diminution of the carbonic acid in the blood and failure of the circulation through the breathing centre to act powerfully in this direction. Dr. Spencer points out a most interesting fact, in the shape of the observation that, before birth, warm-blooded animals are practically regarded as cold-blooded ones. But soon after birth the heat-regulating mechanism comes into play. A pigeon, when it is hatched, is "blind, naked, and helpless"; one of the parent-birds has constantly to sit over it, feed it, and keep it warm, and when exposed to the cold its constitution is essentially that of a cold-blooded animal. When, however, the breathing centre in a warm-blooded animal has once begun its work, that work must go on. The vital nature of the breathing act implies no going back to the cold-blooded condition.

In animals which hibernate, however, we get a temporary return to the cold-blooded condition. In the dormouse, for example, which goes to sleep in winter, the temperature falls, the circulation slows down, life goes on at low pressure, and, more curious still, the animal can live in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas which would actually prove fatal to a bird or a rat. Warm-blooded animals, too, that live in water, are peculiarly constituted as regards their breathing arrangements. They require a very much larger amount of blood than their land-neighbours in order that a good full supply of oxygen may be contained therein; and they also show an increased tension in the lung favouring absorption. Seals can remain several minutes below water and whales for a much longer period than seals. An experiment of Paul Bert's shows the value to an animal of an increased amount of blood. If a fowl is plunged under water it soon dies—three minutes suffices to drown it; but a duck can survive for seven minutes or more, and the explanation is found in the fact that the duck has one-third more blood than the fowl. The value of the blood as a storehouse of oxygen can be thus duly estimated: while, if the duck's blood be reduced to the amount found in the fowl, it dies as quickly as the latter when kept under water.

Mountain-sickness has always formed a topic of interest to scientists. Recent researches show that the altitude which produces this condition varies for different persons. It is said that persons in good health can withstand a height of four thousand metres in passive transport, but it is not regarded as advisable that they should prolong their stay at this altitude. A curious fact is that the sickness also varies with the nature of the mountains, and it is said to be less marked on solitary or isolated peaks. A height above three thousand metres affects all subjects whenever they exert themselves. The researches to which I allude were made by M. Kronecker in his survey of the proposed Jungfrau railway.

An interesting observation has been made regarding the effects of high altitudes on health, in the case of the workers in the Ben Nevis Observatory. Dr. A. C. Miller has drawn attention to the fact that the effects of residence there form a proof of the good results to be hoped for in sending consumptives to high altitudes, where (as at Davos) the air is clear, dry, and practically germless. The observers at Ben Nevis are changed every three months, and during residence, under climatic conditions often of great severity, they are free from catarrhs and other chest troubles. But when residing at a low level they are apt to suffer from "influenzal catarrh." Here, as has been suggested, we may find an illustration of the theory that the microbes which flourish at a low or ordinary level are absent from the purer air of the mountains.

One effect of the recent severe weather has been that of causing sea-birds to seek their food in inland parts. Cities near the sea have been the haunts of gulls, which have flocked by hundreds to the hospitable gardens and back greens of the towns. The little auk has been stranded on the coasts in great numbers. I also note that the grouse in some parts of Yorkshire left the moors in January, and migrated to lower and less rigorous parts in search of food. This event was last represented in 1886. An interesting speculation might arise out of these facts regarding such changed habits producing permanent alterations in the life of these birds. Possibly some details of ordinary migration, otherwise inexplicable, might be solved on the theory which takes temporary habits, crystallising into permanent ones, for its basis.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

A C CHALLENGER.—Problems received, and, judging from first impressions, very acceptable.

W P H (Bridlington).—Thanks. Very glad to hear from you again.

W FINLAYSON (Edinburgh).—Amended diagram to hand, we hope without further flaw. The other shall appear shortly.

E A (Exmouth).—We must refer you to previous notices on the same subject, as, for instance, to F J in our last impression.

E WESLEY (Exeter).—Enclosures received with thanks.

W T PIERCE.—In No. 1, after Black plays K to K 5th, White can continue by 2. Q to Q 5th (ch), etc.

E O PRIOR (Cheltenham).—No. 2 has another solution by 1. B to Q 7th (ch), P to K 3rd; 2. Q to Q 4th, etc.

G DOUGLAS ANDER.—You will find the position given below. The new diagram shall be examined, but we may as well say at once that the first move is very obvious.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2643 to 2645 received from J H Rough (Beaconsfield, Tasmania); of No. 2655 from Carl Artwedson (Sweden), Franklin Institute, Meursius (Brussels), and E. W. Brook; of No. 2656 from H S Brandreth, Charles Wagner (Vienna), Franklin Institute, E W Brook, T G Ware, J D Tucker (Leeds), P Ernest (Nottingham), J Bailey (Newark), W E Thompson, Rev Francis W Jackson, E W Burnell (Edgbaston), C J Fisher (Eye), John M Robert (Crossgar), D A Davidson (Aboyne), Miss Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), J Ross (Whitley), George Rigg (Longtown), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2657 received from Edward J Sharpe, J A H, C E Perugini, Oliver Jeingla, E London, C B Penny, F Glover, E E H, E W Burnell, F Waller (Luton), J D Tucker (Leeds), T G (Ware), Shadforth, Charles Burnett, Charles Wagner (Vienna), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W Benglas (Ripon), J George Thursfield (Wendesbury), R Worters (Canterbury), R H Brooks, H T Evans, R Freeman, Alpha, W Wright, J E Moon, W R Railem, T Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. F St. David (Cardiff), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W Percy Hind, Franklin Institute, Sorrento, L Penfold, M A Eyre (Folkestone), J Dixon, Ubique, and W A Barnard (Uppingham).

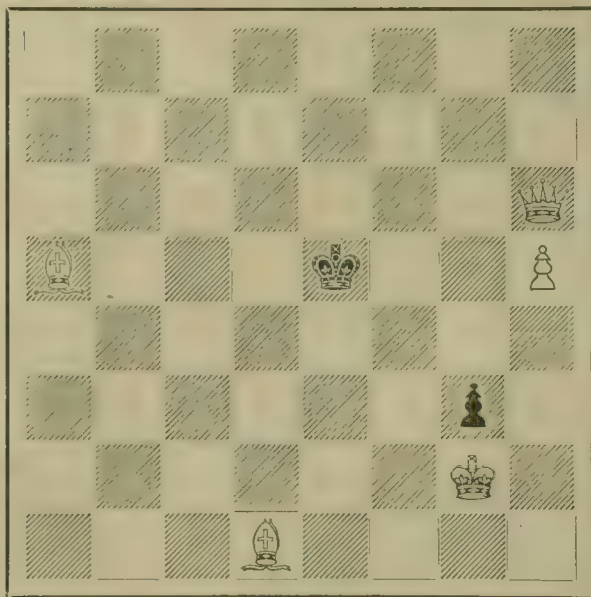
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2656.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. P to K 4th. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2659.

By W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN HASTINGS.

A game played at the Hastings Chess Club, Messrs. C. and D. consulting against Mr. J. H. BLACKBURNE.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (C. and D.)	BLACK (J. H. B.)	WHITE (C. and D.)	BLACK (J. H. B.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	11. Q takes P	11. Q takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	2. Kt to K B 3rd	12. Castles	12. Castles
3. B to B 4th	3. B to B 3rd	13. Q to K 3rd	13. Q to K 3rd
4. Kt to Kt 5th	4. P to Q 4th	14. Kt to K 4th	14. Kt to Kt 5th
5. P takes P	5. Kt to Q R 4th	15. Q to Q 3rd	15. P to B 4th
6. B to Kt 5th (ch)	6. P to B 3rd	16. Kt to Kt 3rd	16. P to K 5th
7. P takes P	7. P takes P	17. Kt takes K P	17. P takes Kt
8. Q to B 3rd	8. P takes B	18. Q takes K P	18. B to K B 4th
9. Q takes R	9. B to Q B 4th	19. Q to Kt 7th	19. Q to R 5th
10. P to Q Kt 4th	10. B takes P	20. Q to B 7th	20. Kt to K 7th (ch)
11. Q takes P	11. Q takes P	21. K to R sq	21. Q takes B P

The Queen is in a worse position now, White resigns.

The week ending last Saturday was quite an eventful one in international sport. Cricket had its big thing on at Melbourne, football the game of the season at Richmond, and chess its unprecedented feat of a cablegram match at the Ritz, where the British Club brought off its meeting with the Manhattan Club of New York. Unfortunately the novel conditions of the contest prevented expectations from being realised, and only one pair of players brought their game to a conclusion. In all other cases the play remained unfinished at the hour of adjournment, a rather unsatisfactory result.

We very much regret to announce the death of Mr. G. C. Heywood, of Newcastle, one of the most prominent players in the north of England, and a frequent and esteemed contributor to this column. By his genial courtesy he had won the regard of a large circle of friends, both in London and the provinces, and his loss is a real misfortune to the game of which he was so able an exponent.

*Minor Tactics of Chess.* By Franklin K. Young and Edwin C. Howell. (Chatto and Windus, London.)—This is a remarkable book. Apparently of American origin, it is printed and published in England, and its modest aim is to educate "the player, whether he be master or novice," in the "basic principles of scientific chess." It is satisfactory to know the authors realised "the gravity of their task," and set about it in a becoming spirit. Masters, having much to learn, are shown by a whole page of letterpress all that is strategically involved in the first move of P to K 4th. For beginners a nice easy system of "pawn integrals," "primary bases," and "fundamental units" has been devised by which "control of the objective plane" can be simply and quickly established. Altogether, the work is executed in the same admirable spirit in which it was conceived, and we look forward with pleasant anticipations to the authors' next effort, which there is reason to believe will be dedicated to grandmothers and relate to the suction of eggs.

A correspondent requests us to print Mr. Healey's celebrated Bristol problem, and we accordingly do so.

White: K at K R 2nd; Q at K Kt 6th; R's at Q sq and K B 3rd; Kt's at K B 7th and Q Kt 6th; B at Q R sq; P's at Q 2nd, K Kt 2nd, Q 5th, Q B 3rd and Q R 3rd.

Black: K at Q B 4th; B at Q Kt 4th; Kt at Q Kt 2nd; P's at Q R 5th, Q B 5th, K B 5th, and K Kt 2nd.

White mates in three moves.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The Empress Frederick, as usual when she is in England, has visited several educational and charitable institutions, with the double purpose of aiding the promoters in their work and of seeing if any suggestions are to be gained for the similar institutions of which her Imperial Majesty is patroness in Germany. One of the places thus honoured was the Froebel Institute, a training-school for teachers of Kindergarten. This is undoubtedly the ideal method of teaching in infants' schools: but its enthusiasts claim for it more than that: they insist that it should be continued in the upper classes as a means of developing the faculties.

Diligent students of the Court Circular (which is always revised by the Queen herself) will have noticed during the Empress Frederick's visits how very careful the writer is always to remember and intimate in form that the Empress is herself a crowned head. Every other royal personage, even the Princess of Wales, is described as "accompanying" the Queen on a walk or drive, or, if the person spoken of is in a lesser rank, as "attending" her Majesty; but the Empress is invariably spoken of in the same breath as her royal mother. Thus "The Queen and the Empress went out, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York," and "Princess Christian visited their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick to-day," are literal recent announcements. This is part of the rigid care for etiquette and precedence that appertains to Courts, and that "outsiders" would hardly think of. We should be quite apt to say, if we were left to ourselves, "The Queen went out, accompanied by the Empress"; but thus we should display that we were not ladies-in-waiting to know "what's what." Yet all such forms, including the very title of the sovereign, are mere matters of custom, and grow up by degrees into inflexible laws.

In earlier days, the monarch was not invariably, as now, called "Majesty." The first of our sovereigns to adopt this style was Henry VIII. It was of older use in France, a dedication by a monk of his translation of St. Augustine, so early as 1360, bearing that word as the King's description. Louis XI., however, was the first French King to use it habitually. When Henry VIII. of England went to the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, he heard the title applied to the magnificent French monarch, and it pleased the ears of the tyrant, for whom nothing could be too servile. Up to then, "My Liege," "His Grace," and "The King's Highness" had sufficed. In a letter from the Chancellor of Henry VIII., these titles are found all three used in as many lines: "The King's Highness," "His Grace," and "His Majesty"; but in poor Anne Boleyn's last letter to him the only title used is "Your Grace." Besides this collection of terms of homage, he loved to be called "Dread Sovereign." Dreaded no doubt he was, but many men who in fact are so do not care to hear it proclaimed by those in their power; Henry delighted in it. Queen Elizabeth was often called "Her Grace" in documents issued under her authority, and surely that is the most elegant of all titles for a woman. But "Majesty" was coming into general use. Elizabeth so addressed her young brother. There is in the Harleian Manuscripts an autograph letter addressed by her "To the King's Most Excellent Majesty," and signed, "Your Majesty's humble sister." In some at least of the letters written in her own reign, "Majesty" is the title generally used; for instance, see the edition of Sir Ralph Sadler's letters that Sir Walter Scott annotated. Sadler, in the flower of his years, was Ambassador to Scotland, and saw the baby Mary, its Queen, in arms; and to him, full forty years after, when he was seventy-seven, was committed for a while the troublesome charge of her as a prisoner in England. It is from the letters that he then wrote for the perusal of "The Queen's Majesty" that certain of the most interesting details of those latter days of the imprisoned Queen are taken: for instance, how urgently and often Mary sent assurances to Elizabeth that she would, if freed, resign all her regal claims. "She asked me, if she were at liberty with the Queen's Majesty's favour where I thought she would go? . . . Unless her Majesty would give her countenance in England, she would go into France and lyve with that lytle portion she hath there, and never trouble herself with government agayn. Ever in her talk beseeching her Majesty to make a tryall of her, that she may live out the rest of her dayes out of captivitee." When James, this poor prisoner's son, came to our throne, he made lifelong prisoners in his turn; and in a letter from one of these, Lady Arabella Stuart, who wrote to the King a most touching protest against her prolonged incarceration for the offence of having married, he is addressed as "Majesty" throughout. But in the dedication to the translation of the Bible he is "High and Mighty Prince," and "Your Highness," as well as "Your Sacred Majesty," a title apparently invented for him alone. Later than that, the established title becomes "Your Majesty," and this is never departed from now.

In writing to the Queen she is invariably addressed as "Your Majesty," but in conversation she (as well as the Princesses) must be spoken to as "Ma'am"—that is to say, by persons of position; servants and humbler subjects use "Your Majesty" verbally. The proper method of writing a letter to the Queen is one of the strangest details of Court etiquette. It is written with a mixture of the first and third persons such as is allowed under no other circumstances; as thus: "Lord Rosebery presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and begs leave to acquaint your Majesty," and so on. The Queen invariably replies in the third person—"The Queen has received Lord Rosebery's communication." In writing to any other sovereign her Majesty uses the first person, beginning "Sire and dear Brother." The only persons to whom on rare occasions her Majesty has written a letter beginning in the ordinary way, "Sir," and continuing in the first person, are the Presidents of the American and French Republics. Those who know all this (who are few, or I should not be writing it here) would observe with interest that the beautiful message of condolence written by the Queen to Madame Carnot was in the first person—"My widow's heart bleeds for you," wrote the Queen to "Madame la Présidente." To any other mourner the same message would have been conveyed in the third person.



Drawn by A. CHANTREY CORBOULD.



"Come on Brown; don't give in, my boy; let's finish the race."  
 Brown (who has suddenly pulled up, coughing): "Can't, my dear fellow; this mist makes me cough, and I have forgotten to bring my box of Géraudel's Pastilles with me."

# GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES

Act by Inhalation and Absorption DIRECTLY upon the Respiratory Organs for

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Much Preferable to Pills, Potions, and Syrups, &c., which only irritate the Stomach without reaching the seat of the Disease.

## THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

**GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES** are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They contain no narcotic or other injurious drug, and, unlike numerous other cough remedies, are not required by the Act of Parliament to bear the label "Poison." They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience.

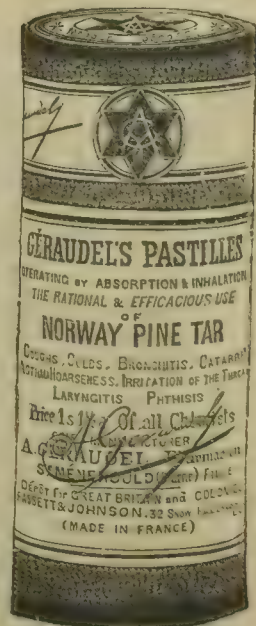
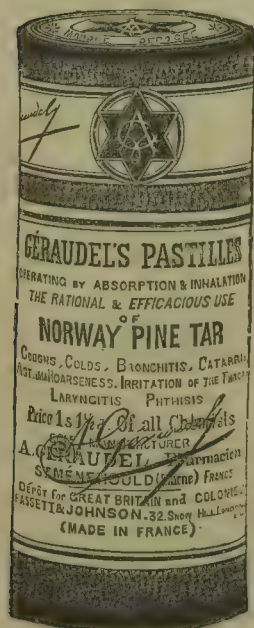
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## ART NOTES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It would be strange if among nearly seven hundred pictures there were not many which deserve special notice; but this feeling of satisfaction is damped by the conviction that a still larger number scarcely deserved to be hung. Such is the thought inspired by the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. As usual, its strength lies in landscape work, and this is not the less interesting for including (unavoidably) a "retrospective exposition" of Mr. H. G. Hine's work. The Vice-President, who has attained a patriarchal age, continues to paint with wonderful feeling and precision; but the majority (if not all) of his works now on the walls belong to that period when he made the Sussex Downs his special study and knew every mood of the haze, golden or silver, which hung over these rolling uplands. "Goldstone Bottom" (6) near Brighton, "The Black Cap" (108) at Lewes, and "The Common at Midhurst" (263) are excellent specimens of what Mr. H. G. Hine could do; and they at once define the gulf which separated the work of the Institute from that of the "Old Society" when the split took place. Mr. E. M. Wimperis' "Yorkshire Moor" (115) and Mr. Weedon's "Windy Autumn" (122) are both finished and characteristic works of two accomplished artists, of whom a certain mannerism is the only defect. Mr. R. B. Nisbet, one of the rising Scottish artists, comes prominently forward this year in such works as "Autumn in the Fields" (209), and two Scottish landscapes (308 and 314), in which he has shaken himself free of that dullness of tone and dryness of method which marked some of his earlier works. Mr. Hope McLachlan, another Scotchman, is also to be seen to advantage, improving steadily with each successive year, and not the less so as he has had the courage to paint at all events in the twilight instead of at midnight. In strong distinction are Mr. Edwin Bale's "Lugano" (667), a most delicate and appreciative rendering of this sunny town and valley, and Mr. Aumonier's "Old Barn" (202), half in shadow and half just caught by the rays of the setting sun. Mr. Frederick G. Cotman's "Dutch Mills" (243) and his "Ely" (338); Mr. Stanley Inchbold's "As the Crow Flies" (391), across the marshes from Winchelsea to Rye; and Mr. Bernard Evans' "Wharfedale" (514) are among the most noteworthy landscapes.

The marine pictures, and those in which sea and sky play a prominent part, as in Mr. Arthur Severn's "Signs of Clearing" (630) and "The Bank of Cloud" (464), are numerous and much above the average. Mr. Edwin Hayes, who shows to most advantage in dirty weather, is excellent in his "French Fishing Lugger off Dover" (55) and "Wintry Weather" (389); and the painting of waves and sea-scud is much to be commended in Mr. Stuart Richardson's "A Dutch Welcome" (130) and "The Katwyk Dunes" (318). Mr. Ayerst Ingram's "Falmouth Harbour" (560), after the blizzard of 1891, a weird and long-to-be-remembered scene, and in Mr. A. W. Weedon's "On the South Coast"

(577), and in Mr. Charles Dixon's "Flying Dutchman" (631), of which the sea-painting is the best part of an ambitious and partially successful work.

With figure subjects the present exhibition is unusually well provided, and the President's "Celia" (383) is a fine study of a girl in a buff dress trimmed with grey, on which are expended those qualities which give Sir J. D. Linton a place altogether apart among water-colour artists. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Little Psycho" (260), left among the ripe corn and gathering buttercups, is a gem of colour and brilliant illumination; and the same artist's "Study of a Head" (320) shows how much feeling he is able to throw into a young girl's face, while avoiding all appearance of effort. Miss Kate Greenaway contributes four charming little studies of children and costume, marked by her usual completeness and subdued humour. Mr. Sheridan Knowles' "Sunday Morning" (21) is full of life and colour; and Mr. Hugh Carter's "Hard Times" (98) is not unnecessarily painful, although the moral is well enforced. But Mr. Weatherhead's "There's Sorrow on the Sea" (120) is overdone in sentiment, and contrasts unpleasantly with Mr. Walter Langley's "Moments of Idleness" (16), which is broadly and excellently painted, notwithstanding the obvious pose of the old woman. Mr. Gideon Fidler's "The Picture Man" (265) is very unobtrusive but full of merit. Of the subject pictures, Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "His Royal Highness" (458), Mr. William Rainey's "A Dutch Lodging-House" (335), Mr. J. S. Crompton's "Funeral Procession in Cairo" (223), and Mr. E. Hargitt's "In an Enemy's Land" (542) are among those pictures which will attract most attention. But a special word should be said for Mr. William Simpson's Tibetan "Prayer-Wheel" and "Weaver," of which the subjects, drawn on the spot, are as interesting and unhackneyed as their treatment is fresh and vigorous. Mr. W. Simpson's achievements as a draughtsman are too well appreciated by the readers of this Journal to need notice, but as a water-colour artist he is less known than he deserves. Altogether the exhibition is above the average of former years, and its principal drawback is that it is too crowded with uninteresting pictures.

But for Mr. Ruskin's encomium, it is possible that William Turner, of Oxford, may have enjoyed as little reputation after his death as he obtained during his life. It is due to the curators of the Oxford University Galleries to say that they have shown cause—by the collection of his works now on view—to justify the judgment of their Slade Professor. The drawings now brought together—which will be on view until the end of June—are for the most part water-colours, in which William Turner chiefly excelled; but among the few oil-paintings there are two—"The Wyndcliffe at Chepstow" and "The Woodcutters"—which deserve very high praise. In the former, the interest lies in the Claude-like atmosphere which envelops the whole work, while in the other the painter displays qualities in the painting of trees and foliage which show a ready appreciation of the art of Hobbema. If the owner of this

work wished to do honour to her fellow-townsmen, she could not better achieve that object than by presenting this most interesting work to the gallery either of the nation or of the University. The water-colour drawings, of which something like a hundred and fifty have been brought together, give a fair idea of William Turner's career. A pupil of John Varley, he began by painting—chiefly in the neighbourhood of Oxford—pictures which bear a close resemblance to his master's style, as seen to perfection in his studies of Iffley Mill (28 and 29), while the view of "Oxford from above Hinkney" (24) would seem to belong to an even earlier period. His ambition to reach a higher level in landscape painting than Varley attained is seen in such works as in "The Floods" (35) and "The Roll-right Stones" (28). It must, however, have been some time before he reached the high point of excellence displayed in "Salisbury Plain" (64) with its quaintly dressed shepherd boys, and "Oxford from the Upper River" (80). After Oxford and Wiltshire his most successful sketching-ground seems to have been West Sussex (142-147), where the suffused light on the Downs gave him abundant opportunity to show his powers. North Wales and Cumberland inspired him with fine subjects, which, as a rule, he handled discreetly and artistically; but in the Western Highlands he seems to have been altogether out of sympathy with the grandeur and colouring of the mountains and rocks. In many of these Turner seems to have been overpowered by the difficulties presented, and to have succeeded only in producing a scenic effect. It is in spots with which his daily life had made him familiar that he succeeds the best, and all lovers of Oxford will admit that he paid due reverence to her beauties and surroundings.

Lord and Lady Brassey seem bent on serving as much as possible the various societies in which they are interested prior to departing for Victoria. On March 7 there was a largely attended drawing-room meeting held at their residence in Park Lane on behalf of the Ragged School Union. This excellent cause had eloquent advocates in Lord Brassey, Mr. Beachcroft, and others, who extolled its useful work during half a century.

As an instance of what may be done by individual effort, it appears that Mr. Joseph Hurry, a young tradesman in the Strand, has given about 4000 breakfasts to poor children. The funds have been supplied by four friends of Mr. Hurry, who himself has superintended the benevolence and found willing helpers. For the next fortnight at least Mr. Hurry hopes to continue the work for the benefit of the families of the unemployed.

As usual, Bach's Passion-Music is being rendered at St. Anne's Church, Soho, on Friday evenings. This has been for many years the rule at this church, and the services have attained considerable fame. More than once the Princess of Wales and her daughters have entered the edifice on such occasions and unostentatiously taken their places among the congregation. Long practice has caused the performance of the solemn music to be remarkably effective.

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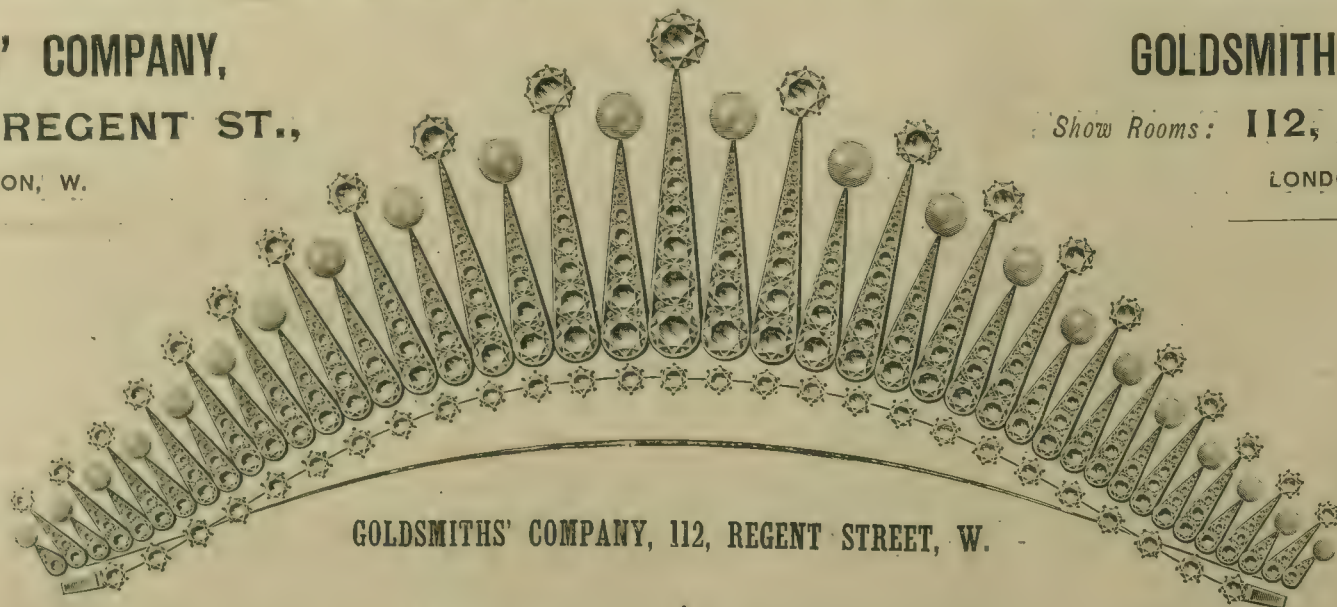
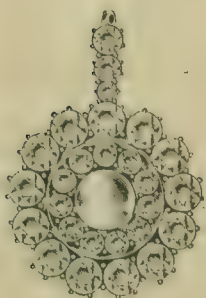
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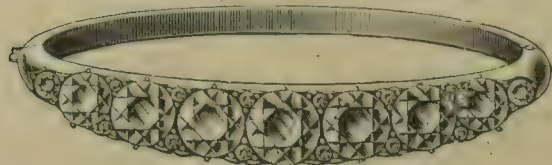
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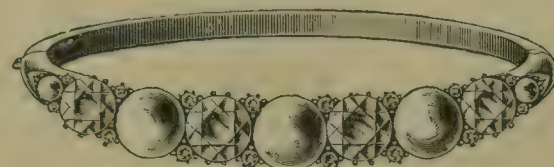
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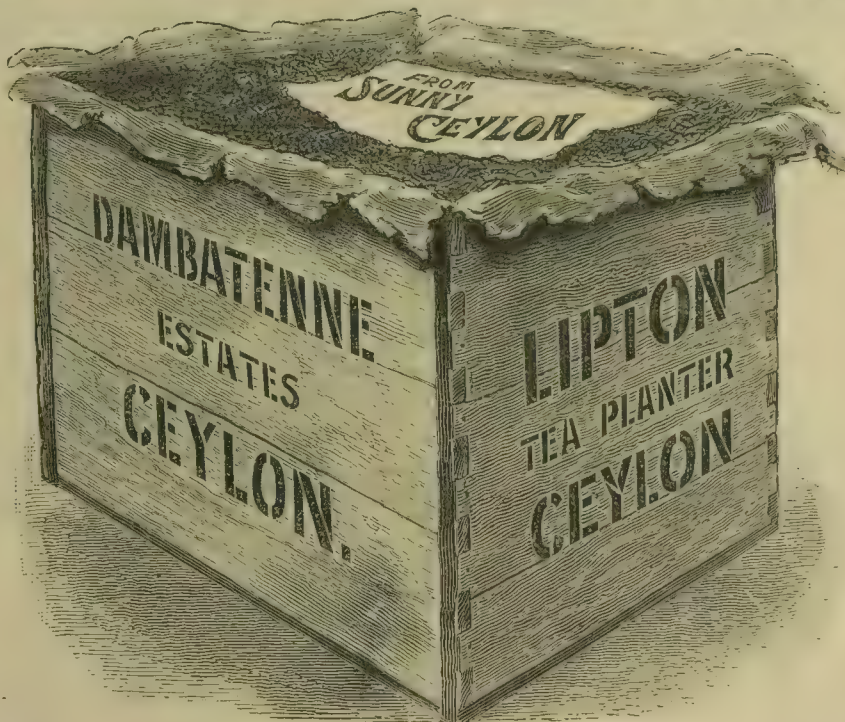
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 1, 1889), with two codicils (dated July 12, 1893, and May 7, 1894) of Mrs. Rose Louise Kay, formerly of Tring Park, Herts, and late of Park House, Earl's Court Road, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 5, was proved on Feb. 9 by William Rowcliffe, Thomas Rawle, and Alfred Cooper, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £102,552. The testatrix, after giving numerous legacies, leaves the residue of her real and personal estate, upon trust, for her adopted son, George Louis Howard Kay, and as he is unable to manage his affairs, provision is made for Mr. Henry Howard Reed and his wife to reside with him at Park House. After the death of the said George Louis Howard Kay, or in case of his death in her lifetime then at her death, the testatrix bequeaths £500 each free of legacy duty to the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, the Railway Benevolent Institution, the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, the Cancer Hospital, the Home for Incurable Children, the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls, the Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage, the All Saints Convalescent Home at Eastbourne, the Convalescent Home for Children at Broadstairs, the Kilburn Orphanage, the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Infant Orphan Asylum (Wanstead), the Orphan Working School (Haverstock Hill), the Royal Society for the Assistance of Discharged Prisoners, Charing Cross Hospital, the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road), St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the East London Hospital for Children and Dispensary for Women (Shadwell), the British Lying-In Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, and the Hospital for Sick

Children (Great Ormond Street). If the said George Louis Howard Kay should die in her lifetime without children who shall take a vested interest in certain trust funds, then she bequeaths £1000 each to the said charities instead of £500; and £1000 to St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park Corner). She also bequeaths at the death of her said adopted son, £10,000 to the said Henry Howard Reed; £5000 each to Elizabeth De Vine and William Rowcliffe; and many other legacies. As to the ultimate residue of her property, she gives three sixths to the said Henry Howard Reed; and one sixth each to the said William Rowcliffe, Thomas Rawle, and Alfred Cooper.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1893) of Mr. James Horrocks, of Broad Oak Park, Worsley, Manchester, who died on Jan. 13, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Feb. 15 by Mrs. Elizabeth Wilding and Miss Emily Gertrude Horrocks, the sisters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to £70,229. The testator leaves all his property to his sisters, Mary Butterworth, Alice Goodman, Martha Leves, Elizabeth Wilding, and Emily Gertrude Horrocks, and his brother John Horrocks, the shares of his sisters to be equal to one another, but the share of his brother to be £6000 less than that of each of his sisters. In the event of either of his sisters or his brother predeceasing him, her or his children are to take by substitution their parents' share.

The will (dated June 23, 1890), with a codicil (dated Sept. 2, 1893), of Mr. John Charles Burton Borough, D.L., J.P., of Chetwynd Park, Shropshire, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Feb. 14 by Charles Henry Wyndham A'Court Repington and Thomas George Borough, the son, the surviving executors, the value of

the personal estate amounting to £38,114. The testator makes several bequests to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Burton Borough, and states that she is amply provided for under various settlements. The Pickstock estate he charges with an annuity of £500 in favour of his son Thomas George, and subject thereto devises the same to go with the Chetwynd estate; his furniture and effects (except some articles given to his wife and subject to her life interest in the remainder) and all his plate and jewellery are also to go and be enjoyed with the same estate. All his lands and hereditaments in Salop (except the Pickstock estate), Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire he devises to the use of his son Thomas George for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. He bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for his son Thomas George; £5000 and an annuity of £500 to his youngest son, Charles Gawen Roberts Gawen; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate, including £16,000 charged upon the settled Chetwynd estates in aid of his general estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the portion covenanted to be paid under his daughter's settlement, and other portions to younger children, and the ultimate residue to be held upon the same trusts as the legacy of £10,000.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of General George Frederic Stevenson Call, C.B., of 5, Anglesea Terrace, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Jan. 7 intestate, were granted on March 2 to Lieut.-Colonel Charles Frederick Call, R.E., the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,785.

The will (dated April 9, 1880) of the Rev. Herbert Samuel Hawkins, of Beyton Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds,

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who died on Jan. 4, was proved on Feb. 19 by Henry Eden and Robert Lloyd Kenyon, the nephew, the surviving executors, the value of his personal estate amounting to £25,834. The testator bequeaths his plate and Worcester service to his son Edward Robert, and charges his Whitechapel estates with £5000 in favour of his younger children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, except his son, who shall succeed to the Whitechapel estates, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1893) with a codicil (dated Aug. 13, 1894) of Mr. John Laycock, of Park Hill, Worsley, near Manchester, merchant, who died on Nov. 23, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Jan. 21 by Edwin Holme, Frederic James Randall, and John Thomas Doyle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,865. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects for life, and £500 to his wife, Mrs. Anne Sophia Laycock; and there are some specific gifts to his daughter and two grandsons. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life, and then to pay £500 per annum to his daughter Clara Sophia Gill, and annuities of £30 each to his granddaughters. The ultimate residue is to be divided between all the children of his daughter.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1882) of Mr. David Lewis, formerly Rector of Chislehurst, late of Arundel, Sussex, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on Feb. 8 by the Rev. Henry Bowden and the Rev. Frederick Antrobus, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £16,386. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his brother, the Rev. Evan Lewis, and his friend, the Rev. James Boone Rowe; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his executors in equal shares.

The will (dated April 3, 1877) of Mr. Arthur Cayley, Sc.D., F.R.S., Sadlerian Professor of Pure Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, who died at his residence, Garden House, Cambridge, on Jan. 26, was proved on March 2 by Mrs. Susan Cayley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,294. The testator gives, bequeaths, devises, and appoints all the property, estate, and effects belonging to him at his decease, or which he shall have power to dispose of by will, to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1870), with a codicil (dated April 23, 1887), of the Right Rev. James Atlay, D.D., Lord Bishop of Hereford, who died on Dec. 24 at the Palace, Hereford, was proved at the Hereford District Registry on Feb. 4 by Mrs. Frances Turner Atlay, the widow, and James Beresford Atlay, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,750. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated July 21, 1890), with two codicils (dated Dec. 18, 1893 and Nov. 13, 1894), of Miss Laura Soames, for many years a member of the Brighton School Board, of 44, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on Feb. 19 by William Aldwin Soames, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,085. The testatrix bequeaths £1900 to the Pelham Institute (Bedford Street, Brighton); £2000, upon trust, to invest same, and to lay out the income in the advancement of the education of girls residing, or lately residing, in or near Brighton; all her copyrights in books and manuscripts and £500 to literary trustees for the purpose of editing and publishing the books to

complete her series of Soames' phonetic method of learning to read, and of advertising the same; and legacies to relatives, secretary, friends, workers with her in Sunday school, godchildren, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to Mrs. Rosina Harriot Lathom.

The will of General Gordon Caulfield, retired Indian Army, of Fairmount, Mottingham, Eltham, Kent, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 23 by Mrs. Anne Caulfield, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7705.

The will of Colonel Wardlaw Cortlandt Anderson, C.B., Bengal Staff Corps, of 26, Charles Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on Jan. 29 by Mrs. Margaret Jane Anderson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2652.

The will of Major-General James Hamilton Pringle Anderson, R.A., of Edge Hill, Sunnyside, Wimbledon, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 26 by Mrs. Mary Paterson Anderson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2278.

The Queen has just lost the last royal servant who knew her as a child. Mr. G. Fleming entered the service of the Duchess of Kent in 1830, and was transferred to the Queen's household in the year of her accession. He retired in 1886, and died on March 3, aged seventy-nine. The Queen manifested her usual sympathetic interest in the illness of Mr. Fleming, and on his decease sent a wreath bearing the inscription, "A word of sincere regret to a faithful servant." Victoria.

## Telegram from Russia.

*Send to anitchkoff Palace St  
Petersburg immediately one dozen  
Mariani Wine for H I M  
Empress of Russia*

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

Mariani Wine fortifies, nourishes, and stimulates the Body and Brain. It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Bottles, 4s.; dozen, 45s., of Chemists and Stores, or carriage paid from Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford Street, London

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Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.

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**RENDERS** THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.

Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** to the TASTE.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of

THE CELEBRATED  
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN  
TO  
THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

THE DELICIOUS PERFUME

CRAB-APPLE

BLOSSOMS.



"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—*Court Journal*.  
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CROWN LAVENDER  
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"A delightful deodoriser and luxury for all."—*Le Follet*, Paris.  
"The Lavender Salts, whose perfume is so exquisite and subtle."—*Le Figaro*, Paris.

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THE OLDEST AND  
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"THE QUEEN"  
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
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Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,  
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MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

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Toilet "Lanoline".....6s & 1/  
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"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.  
& Cold Cream.

"Once tried  
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for the complexion  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.



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**BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS**  
 From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.  
 Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c.  
 Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month.  
 Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton.  
 EVERY WEEKDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton,  
 from Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.  
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**HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EAST-  
 BOURNE.**—Fast Trains every Weekday.  
 From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also  
 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.  
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 through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris  
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 Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
 Two Special Express Services (Weekdays and Sundays).

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 Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and other Cabins.  
 Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

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 the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:  
 West End General Office, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand  
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 (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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As a WINTER RESORT Monaco occupies the first place among  
 the winter stations on the Mediterranean seaboard, on account of  
 its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it  
 has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the  
 aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in  
 Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat  
 is always tempered by the sea-breezes.

The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand  
 and numerous, with warm sea-baths; and there are comfortable  
 villas and apartments replete with every comfort, as in some of our  
 own places of summer resort in England.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn-  
 tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and  
 amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the  
 marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few  
 hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and man-  
 ifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned  
 establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance,  
 they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland,  
 at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter  
 there does not exist.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the  
 beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascination  
 and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting  
 scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of  
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Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty  
 minutes from Nice.

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**BIARRITZ. GRAND HOTEL.**  
 Lift lately fitted up. Charming situation facing the ocean. The  
 climate is as mild and delightful as that of Nice and Italy. This  
 splendid establishment, facing the sea and baths, the finest situation  
 in the town, close to golf and lawn-tennis, is famed for its great  
 comfort, excellent cooking, and moderate charges, surpassing all  
 other hotels in the district; is frequented by the elite, and is  
 the rendezvous of the English colony. During the winter season  
 the terms are from 10fr. per day, according to floors occupied.  
 All private rooms are carpeted. Great improvements have been  
 introduced in the Grand Hotel, with a view to satisfying all the  
 comforts which travellers may desire. Caloriferes have been fixed  
 up to heat the entire house. A special omnibus meets travellers  
 for the Grand Hotel at the arrival of the train. Address,  
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For GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c.

The Steam-ship LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, will LEAVE  
 LONDON MARCH 27, for a 47 DAYS' CRUISE, visiting  
 GIBRALTAR, MALAGA, PALERMO, KATAKOL, CORINTH,  
 ZEPHIA, PIREUS, Athens, DELOS, SMYRNA, CONSTAN-  
 TINOPLE, SANTORIN, MALTA, ALGIERS, GIBRALTAR,  
 arriving at Plymouth May 12, and London May 13.

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The GARONNE, 3876 tons register, will LEAVE LONDON  
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 &c.), TANGIER, MALAGA, PALERMO, ANCONA, VENICE,  
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String Band, Electric Light, Electric Bells, Hot and Cold Baths,  
 high-class Cuisine.

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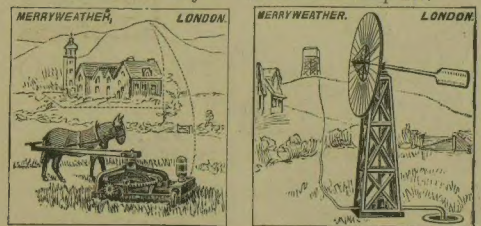
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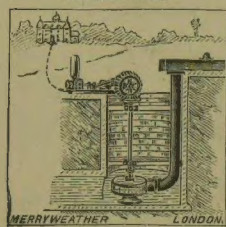
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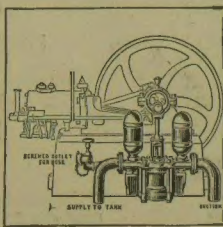


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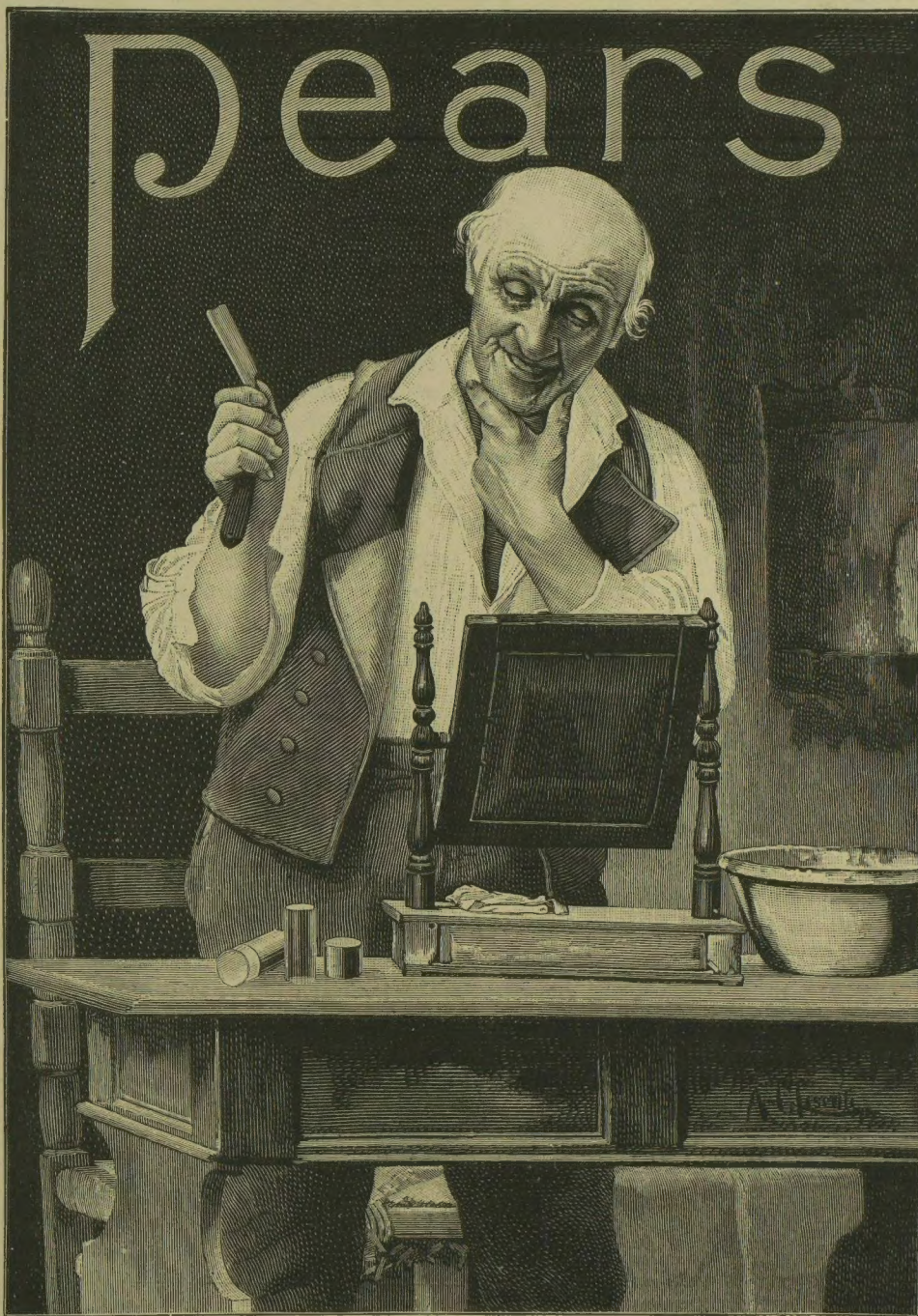
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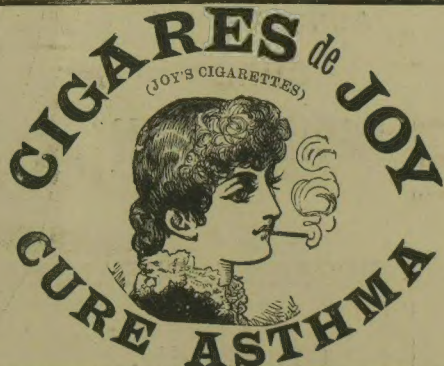
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CHARMING VELVET CAPES,  
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12 MONTHS LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE  
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 Every Ronisch Pianoforte has the Patent Consolidated Iron  
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 The HARMONIC DUPLEX SCALE is applied to all Ronisch  
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That strength is important, very important to a pianoforte,  
 is quite clear, when we know that the strings of a Grand Pianoforte  
 pull equal to a strain of 30 tons. The iron bracing of the Brinsmead  
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 test of time and extraordinary service.

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 Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free.

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 Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.  
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 American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 4 guineas  
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**A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.** By MARGUERITE

**CANCELLED BONDS.** By HENRY CRESSWELL.

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Letters to the Manager will receive every attention.

**NATURE'S FREAK.—JUMPING MEXICAN**

BEAN. One Shilling, post paid. Hops, Skips, Lives.  
 Wonderful Curiosity.

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produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.  
 Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 6s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all  
 principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents  
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### MIRACULOUS CIGAR-PIPE.

The Smoke produces charming pictures on small leaves in the tube.  
 Amusing for every smoker and entertaining in society. Genuine  
 Egrot Wood, 1s. 6d.; also for Cigarettes. Miraculous Tobacco  
 Pipe, 1s. 6d. From two upwards post free to any address; from  
 half-a-dozen upwards 20 per cent. discount. Postage stamps taken  
 in payment.

**HERMANN HURWITZ & CO.,**  
 58, Basinghall Street, London, E.C.



## OBITUARY.

Mr. R. Ross Bruce, of Blythwood, South Africa, accidentally drowned on Jan. 14 near Umtata; a useful and esteemed young man.

Sir Edward Bunbury, Bart., a man gifted with a wonderful range of knowledge, which his modesty concealed from all but his intimates, on March 5, aged eighty-four. For five years he was Liberal M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds; he succeeded his brother in the baronetcy in 1886.

Mr. John Maxwell, formerly a publisher, on March 3, aged seventy. He married Miss Braddon, the novelist.

Dr. William C. Bennett, a writer of many popular ballads, on March 4, aged seventy-four.

Major-General James Hyde Champion, who did distinguished service in India, on March 7, aged seventy-two.

The Right Rev. William Weathers, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ameyla, on March 4, aged eighty.

Mr. Waller H. Paton, younger brother of Sir Noel

Paton, and an artist of high repute, on March 8, aged sixty-six.

The Duc de Noailles, recently, aged thirty-two.

The Very Rev. W. R. Fremantle, D.D., Dean of Ripon since 1876, on March 8, aged eighty-seven.

The Rev. John Hart, an early promoter of village work among Surrey Congregational churches, on March 2, aged seventy-seven.

Admiral Sir George Giffard, who was present at the fall of Sebastopol, on March 8, aged seventy-nine.

Sir Thomas G. A. Parkyns, Bart., on March 7, aged seventy-four.

The Rev. Sir Edward Rogers, Bart., on March 9, aged seventy-five.

Admiral Richard B. Beechey, youngest son of the late Sir William Beechey, R.A., on March 8, aged eighty-six.

Mrs. Andrew Crosse, an esteemed writer, the quality of

whose work greatly exceeded its quantity, on March 2, aged sixty-eight.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick Greeves, a distinguished Wesleyan, on March 11, aged sixty-one.

Mr. Charles Worth, the famous Parisian dressmaker, on March 10, aged sixty-nine.

The Right Hon. Frederick George Brabazon Ponsonby, sixth Earl of Bessborough, on March 12, aged seventy-nine. His interest in cricket was maintained to the end. By his death Mr. Edward Ponsonby, secretary to the Speaker, becomes Viscount Duncannon.

Captain W. H. Hall, who had only recently been appointed Captain-Superintendent of Pembroke Dockyard, on March 10.

Mr. William Francis Finlason, the head of the *Times* law-reporters in the Queen's Bench Division and a Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple, on March 11, aged seventy-six.

**MISS EDIE REYNOLDS**, Violinist, will give an AFTERNOON CONCERT in QUEEN'S (Small) HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W. (Under the Direction of Mr. N. VERT), on TUESDAY, MARCH 19, at THREE p.m. Assisted by Madame CLARA SAMUELL, Miss SYBIL PALLISER, Mr. NORMAN SALMOND, Mrs. ROYAL-DAWSON, Messrs. B. PATTERSON PARKER, and HARRY TREVOR. Accompanist, Miss MARGARET MOSS. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s., of the usual Agents; at Basil Tree's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; of Miss Edie Reynolds, 57, Finborough Road, South Kensington; Robert Newman, Queen's Hall, Langham Place; and N. Vert, 6, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, W. Communications as to Engagements for Concerts, &c., can be addressed to Miss Edie Reynolds, 57, Finborough Road, S.W., or to Mr. N. Vert, 6, Cork Street, W.

**ÆGIDIUS**.—The only SHIRTS that take the place of the ever-shrinking Coloured Flannel; quite as warm, soft as silk. Will not tear, or split, or shrink. 10s. 6d. each, three for 31s. 6d. Patterns and self-measure free. Sole Makers, R. FORD and CO., 41, POULTRY, LONDON.

**OLD SHIRTS REFRONTED**, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less), with card. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE** is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST INVALUABLE. J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

**CATALOGUE OF SECONDHAND BOOKS**, and Reminders of New Books of Travel, Sport, &c. (No. 101, for February), at greatly reduced prices, post free. WILLIAM POTTER, 30, Exchange Street East, Liverpool.

**ALEX. ROSS' NOSE MACHINE** applied to the Nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage, of which the member consists, that an ill-formed Nose is quickly Shaped to Perfection. 10s. 6d., post free 10s. 8d., secretly packed. 62, Theobald's Road, Holborn, London.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.  
**COCOA**  
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

**Cuticura**

the great  
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Instantly Relieves  
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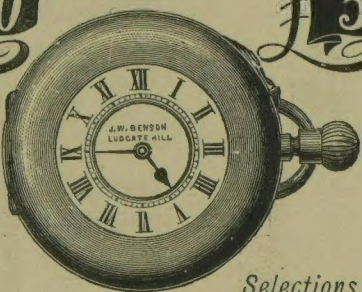
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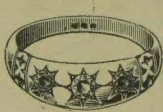
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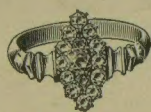
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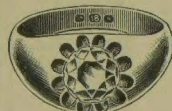
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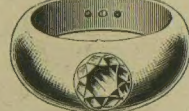


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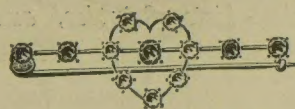
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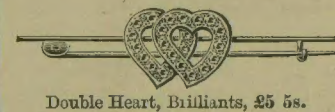
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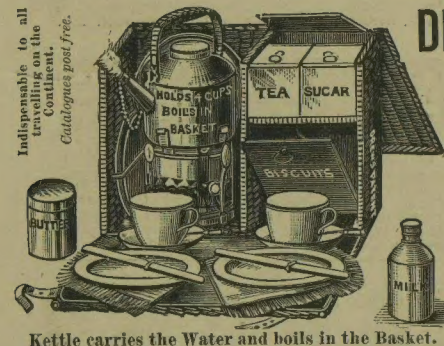
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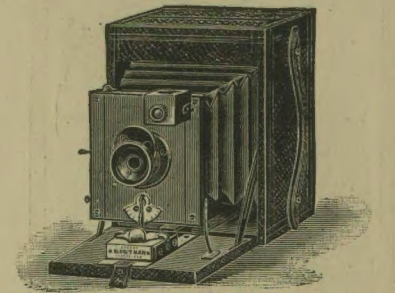
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